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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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Pilgrimage

BY AUSTIN CLARKE.

When the far south glittered
Beyond the grey beaded plains
And cloudier ships were bitted
Along the pale waves,
The showery breeze that plies
A mile from Ara stood
And took our boat on sand :
There by dim wells the women tied
A wish on thorn while rainfall
Was quiet as the turning of books
In the holy schools at dawn.

Gray holdings of rain
Had grown less with the fields
As we came to that blessed place
Where hail and honey meet.
O Clonmacnoise was crossed
With light : those cloistered scholars
Whose knowledge of the gospel
Is cast as metal in pure voices
Were all rejoicing daily
And cunning hands with cold and jewels
Brought chalices to flame.

Loud above the grassland
In Cashel of the towers
We heard with the yellow candles
The chanting of the hours,
White clergy saying High Mass,
A fasting crowd at prayer,
A choir that sang before them,
And in stained glass the holy day
Was sainted as we passed
Beyond that chancel where the dragons
Are carved upon the arch.

Counted with chasubles,
Sun-braided, rich-cloak'd wine-cup
Or staves and iron handbell
Were annals in the shrine
The high-kings bore to battle,
Where from the branch of Adam
The noble forms of language,
Brighter than green or blue enamels
Burned in white bronze, embodied
The wings and fiery animals
That veil the chair of God.

We came by townland
And brightless tower where ocean
Was dim as haze and sounds
Of wild confession rose :
Black congregations moved
Around the booths of prayer
To hear a saint reprove them,
And from his boat he raised a blessing
To souls that had come down
The holy mountain of the west
Or wailed still in the cloud.

Light in the tide of Shannon
May ride at anchor half
The day and high in spar
Or leather sails of their craft
Wine merchants will have sleep ;
But far from rocky isles
Where Paradise is praised
At sunrise, smaller than the seagulls,
We heard white culdees pray
Until our hollow ship was kneeling
Over the longer waves.

The Confession of Queen Gormlai

By AUSTIN CLARKE.

*Dawn, fielding on the mountains,
Had found that hovel
And in the dark she lay there
Whom kings had loved,
Sharp on a shoulder-blade,
Turning in straw and rags
And crossed from that clay threshold,
Her flesh became a dagger.*

Monk, do not lift the hood
From black to hearing white ;
The shadows of the schoolmen
That drift from fire to ice
Stoop and my mind is stirred,
Remembering the books
I closed, for I am Gormlai
And she was beautiful.

With jewels and enamel
Men hammer in black gold,
In halls where feast was trampled
And camps the battle-axe
Had lit, I wore the crimson
My women worked in pattern,
And heard such flattering words,
I bit to the white kernel.

When companies came south,
I was in too much pride
Counting the royal housework,
Vats of red-purple dye.
I had the light of linen,
Blue windows in the sun
To look from : I had thinness
Of white bread and Greek honey.

Starred airs were beaten fine
As silver when the craftsmen
Came ; clergy graced the wine-cup,
And scholars played at draughts.
But I laughed with King Cormac
Above the candle-rows
And heard the string leap back
To men and women dancing.

His dogs had dashed a white stag
The day that Cormac bared
Himself upon the flagstone
And was alone in prayer.
At night he turned on God
Because the body dies,
But had it been immodest
For him to rest beside me ?

I had not known in book
That goodness can insult
The mind and meeting looks
Are bright adultery.
Though I have lain in three beds
And many have blamed me,
No man has seen me naked,
Partaken in my shame.

O monk, when head is shaven,
Can grave be any less ?
I count what Cormac gave me
No more than little blessing.
Our marriage was annulled,
The Mass bell rung by force,
The flesh that was made one
Divided and divorced.

Flann, my own father, bargained
With Carrol, king of Leinster
That lands might join in marriage.
He had confessed no sin.
He banished my musicians
And careful scribe : his soldiers
Slew Cormac, who was bishop.
Could I stóp them with tears ?

He drank at posted fires
Where messengers are glutted,
And he shrank bars of iron
Whenever his hand shut.
At night, was it not lust,
Though I were fast in prayers,
For Carrol by his muscle
To thrust me in black hair ?

He cropped the greener lands
Of Cashel and he took
The bishop in his chapel ;
He wrung the holy massbook,
But Cormac in the fury
Stumbled from crook to handbell,
And by the axe-red tonsure
At his own font he fell.

Unfooted light and rain
Were staked at Bealamoon
And clergy fought in mail
Till Carrol had been wounded
And carried on a branch.
With my own hands I nursed
That big man in the blanket :
His wife took sweat and purge.

I have known politics
And tongue is tripped to blame,
The night I called him wicked,
Was I not quickly shamed,
For, turning on his sick-bed,
He kicked me with foul words,
And my pale household fled—
O man within the cowl ?

Fair Nial of the north,
The clerks may hold it sinful
To love the wife of Cormac,
For she was of your kin.
Good tent between the hostings
To bed me, and white branch
Of care, they sin the most
Who never broke commandment.

Two husbands had not fasted
With me and they were slain :
Who bared my soul in Cashel
His powerful foe had shamed
Our bed. They blame the widow
That rids herself of grief,
But, Nial, the day you rode back
I came with oils and mead.

Breaking in rain the dayshine
Was driven against the glen,
Where swineherds skulked in clay,
And sudden hail was fencing
Barley with oats and oakwood ;
And you spoke as we galloped
Of farmers in housed smoke
As heavy as their crops.

For drizzling miles we kissed,
We clung to the glistening saddle
On roads that rang and misted
Below us, promised madly
To pray, but in cold heather
We broke the marriage ring
Under your leather cloak
And, Nial, that was our sin.

Smithied in gloom the low day
Had glowed upon the axle,
Southward along the causeways
The hilly clouds were backing :
We saw the drummers ride
The sands beside our kingdom,
And, as in sky, the tide stand
Amid a clan of wings.

But, Nial, as we repented
With penance on bare feet,
Received the sacraments
Within the holy week
Of Lent and prayed with chins
Upon the altar cloth,
Another stirred within me
And I was mothered.

I lie in dock and fennel
Because my days were filled
With ease. I cast the linen
Upon my skin for silk,
I sent the babe to suck,
And with white pens I wrote.
But Cormac wore the shirt
Of fire, the shoes of stone.

At dark the doorkeepers
Are ragged in the draught :
Can they bar dreams from sleep
When spirits are unclad
And pitted in the air ?
O Niall, that state of grace
Deceived us. Yearly parents,
Your pleasures are unchaste.

Tall ships have wharfed a town
Beside the south where Nial
Fell with the dim blue crowds
Who cry in driven sleet.
Souls dripping from the gunwale
That whistles sand through water
Have drawn, where no suns dip,
Eel, otter and black swan.

Monk, if in matrimony
Laymen and wives are blessed
Who join as animals,
My third bed was not less.
I grieve our vessels shake
The soul, and though I grovel
As Cormac in true shame,
I am impure with love.

*At sun, she lay forsaken,
And in red hair she dragged
Her arms around the stake
Of that wild bed, from rags
That cut the gleam of chin
And hip men had desired,
Murmuring of the sins
Whose shadows are the mind.*

The Man Who Scared The Phoenix

Last May eve in the Ox mountains,
Men lit a fire of whin
And blessed with flame the Ox mountains—
Where scant grasses begin.

Flame blessed scant grass and fresh cattle
Clamped through the fiery thorn,
Cleansing wild heifers with May-fire—
Their bull-calves unborn.

Bright steps, to merriest flute-tuners,
Had clipped the swift edge of flame ;
Red embers were crushed by the ripe dancers,
Unknown to the love game !

But one man edged from the gay dancers—
That man in the lean grey clothes—
He made for home, with the May night-time
Struck pale where a dawn star rose.

Grown mean with the gnaw of land hunger,
He made for home by road
And over the gap of a crab orchard,
Against his cold abode.

Dull greys and greens of old silver
Into the dawn air came ;
And there he saw in his crab orchard
A tuft of yellow flame.

He beat that flame and a sweet savour—
A tremble of burning spice—
Arose with the blows of his green hazel,
To a star still as ice !

He lashed that flame with his green hazel,
When fiercer than his desire
Out suddenly flashed a fierce bird from
That nest of ghostly fire.

It gathered each flame in its black feathers,
It took to the air, alas !
And left no trace where the fire nestled,
But wet orchard grass.

O grief ! he scared from the Ox mountains
That light of luck when it came,
That bird with feathers sweet smelling
And bones nurtured with flame.

And now our fine men unmarried
Pass to the American sea ;
One deed has withered the Ox mountains,
And life withers in me.

F. R. HIGGINS.

The Source of Poetic Inspiration

A Colloquy between the Old Poet and the Young Poet.

Time :—The beginning of the Christian era.

To the Poet young of his elder beholden

As he paced by the troubled sea,

Slowly outspake the Poet olden :

“ Who is the Sage around whom is folden

“ That all-hued mantle with fringes golden ?

“ Declare whence cometh he ? ”

Then answered him the Poet young :

“ From the heel of a Sage I am surely sprung,

From wisdom's meeting place I came forth,

From the dwelling of Goodness beyond all worth ;

From the sanguine rays of the dawn I start,

Where hang the Nine Hazels of Poet Art ;

From the circuits of splendour that compass their shade,

Whence the nuts of all knowledge of truth are weighed,

Even there in a realm where righteousness reigns

And falsehood to twilight flickers and wanes ;

'Tis there is the land of each loveliest hue,¹

Where poem on poem is purged anew

In fountain by fountain of virginal dew,

But O, well-spring of knowledge, whence comest thou ? ”

“ Well, can I answer thee,” quoth the sage,

“ For I pass along all the grey pillars of age,

Along the inspiring streams of truth

With slow but certain steps, O youth ;

¹ The colours denote the qualities of the inhabitants.

Beside the elf-mound of Nechtan's wife,
By the river-reach named of Nuada's spouse,¹
Whereupon fair Knowledge has built her an house,
In a land with the Sun's pure radiance rife,
Amid the hid haunts, that the moon by day
Alone inhabits, I take my way ;
Among the first, faint beginnings of life,
And now in turn I would know forsooth,
What lies before thee, O well-graced youth ! ”

“ This to answer thee I engage !
From mountain height, unto mountain height,
Gilded, empurpled by youth's delight,
I travel towards the curragh of age.
Yea ! my feet are ever forward impelled
To the happy hunting-fields of eld ;
And past them on slower steps I shall pace
To an old King's sunny Hall of chase,
Tethra, the Sovereign of shadowy hosts,
To couch on a carpet of asphodel,
Oblivious of labour, forgetful of love
And war's red anger raging above,
To the victor, Heaven, to the vanquished, Hell.
Yet now, O Master of Wisdom say,
What lies before thee. Declare thy way.”

“ To the lofty heights of honour I pass,
Where every eye is wisdom's glass,
To that kingdom afar through endless ages
Inhabited only by princely sages,

¹ Nechtan and Nuada poetic names for the Boyne. Nuada was the deified ancestor of the Kings of Leinster. In the Boyne dwelt the “ Salmon of Knowledge ” which the poet must consume, and at its source grew the nuts of poetic inspiration. Its tumuli were the haunts of Gods and fairies.

Into that haven of all prosperities,
 Into that home of all the verities,
 Where upstarts are none and the King's Sole Son
 For ever and ever shall still reign on ;
 Yet ere I attain that shining shore,
 The slopes of death I must first explore ;
 Yet in thy turn, come, answer me now,
 O well-graced youth, whose son art thou ? ”

Then made answer that glittering youth ;
 “ Poesy's son am I, in truth,
 The only heir of Investigation,
 And he the offspring of Meditation,
 Meditation whose father was Ancient Lore,
 After many and many a generation,
 Of Understanding descended, whose Sire
 Was Wisdom, who from the Gods drew birth.
 But answer me now to what I inquire ;
 ‘ Who were thy ancestors here upon earth ? ’ ”

“ I am the son of the Sire who lived, but never was born,
 Of him who yet had his tomb in the womb of his mother¹ forlorn,
 Of him whose name was the first ever moulded by mortal breath,
 Of him who of all the living was first betrothed to death,
 Of him who after his burial in blood was baptised unto faith,²
 Of him whose name is lamented alike in earth and in heaven ;
 Adam, the High One, is he—to thy question my answer is given.”

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

¹ Mother Earth.

² *i.e.* In the Passion of Christ.

A Lady of Quality Under The Georges

By REV. G. N. NUTTALL-SMITH, M.A., T.C.D.

Author of Chronicles of a Puritan Family in Ireland.

INTRODUCTION.

These articles are the result of the ransacking of certain old boxes, once stored away in one of the many Irish country houses which—like the castles that preceded them three hundred years before—now lie open and roofless to the sky, their charred rafters and sightless windows swept by storm and rain—a skeleton on a gibbet!

They deal with the old life which once strutted its hour in Ireland.

They are the record of a departed age, of an order of things swept into the dust-heap of the past!

To some it may be of interest to recall these vanished days, to piece together the relics of our Ilium, fallen by Heaven's decree; even though it be with the rueful remembrance of "pius Aeneas"—"*quorum pars quaedam fui*"!

Memories thus strung together will waken others; names will ring familiar; tales told long ago at our nurse's knee will come back, and we too will be translated into those far off days of which we used to hear from those who were old when we were young, *of when our great-great-grandfathers were despairing lovers in Steinkirk cravat and flowered waistcoat, or when the "chair" waited at the door to bring my lady to rout, or ball.*

PART I.

THE accumulated letters and papers of a life-time must needs be somewhat of a mix-up, but not therefore uninteresting.

Maria Steele, their collector, was the second daughter and third child of Sir Parker Steele, an old soldier of the 23rd Fusiliers, who saw much service under Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War. Later he was Captain in the 29th Foot, serving several years in America.

Sir Richard Steele, her grandfather, was a man of some

importance. He sat for Mullingar in two Irish Parliaments, from 1766 to 1776. In 1768 he was created a baronet, and in 1770 was made LL.D. of Dublin, *honoris causa*. Otherwise he was not a man of very great parts.

Her mother, Maria Verity, was of Yorkshire Quaker stock.

The lady's account of her own family reads much more like a novel than the sober statement of fact which it is. The reader will find there something of the home life of Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of Oxygen, who was her mother's instructor and revered friend; many interesting sidelights on the social life of old Dublin, and not a little of the tragedy of unwise parental interference in the affairs of the heart, and of the nemesis which selfishness and injustice so often bring.

A good deal is here recorded touching a little-known side of the character of the poet Moore, revealing a very noble and almost stern righteousness; and of his youthful passion for Maria Steele, which found its solace, and its reward, in an almost ideal and life-long friendship.

Sydney (Lady) Morgan and her circle will not be without interest to students of the early nineteenth century, nor will the letters of poor Maturin, nor the large and intimate correspondence of Mrs. Hemans preserved by Maria in over ninety letters of which extracts are given, written during the residence of the poetess in Dublin.

We will now let Maria tell her own story, written about the year 1806—when she was twenty-six.

MY grandfather made a very unhappy second marriage. His wife was no sooner married to Sir Richard than she insisted that his children should leave the house, to which he consented. The eldest son, who was delicate, entered the Army, and soon after died, my father also being commissioned at the age of sixteen.

My father remained in the Army seventeen or eighteen years, and was distinguished at many engagements both in Germany and America for his gallant behaviour. He was at the battle of

Minden when under nineteen, and carried the marks of wounds received there to the grave. His constitution had suffered so much from the climate of North America that he was compelled to resign when he was about four-and-thirty, and it was while he was recruiting his health at Bristol that he first saw my mother, who was then under twenty.

My mother's family on the father's side were strict Quakers. Her grandfather, Isaiah Verity, lived till she was fourteen years old, and is still remembered and respected in that part of Yorkshire where he lived as one of the primitive *Friends*, such as are now very rare.

As she was reared in his house, she was obliged to attend Meeting constantly and to observe that stillness and gravity of demeanour which the old Quakers think indispensable, and which to one of her lively temper was a dreadful punishment. Every kind of reading, except the most serious, was forbid. Her grandfather would have looked on a book of poems or plays as a present from Satan himself, and music would have been equally criminal.

My grandfather, of whom I have a faint recollection, was singularly handsome and immoderately addicted to pleasure. All old Isaiah Verity's efforts to reform him proved vain, the severities of Quakerism only increased his wild propensities, and at length, on his carrying off a Mrs. Stansfield, a celebrated beauty, from her husband, he was publicly read out of the Meeting and forbid his father's house. My grandmother, a Churchwoman, remained, to conform outwardly to the old man's rules and to soothe his declining years. After his death she removed with her two children to Hexham in Northumberland.

Now the active mind of my mother began to expand. She read everything she could get, poetry above all; she listened, she observed, she reflected; she would give up her meals, or her sleep, for an opportunity of hearing sensible men converse.

Soon after this good Dr. Priestley became acquainted with her mother as a neighbour. His wife, an amiable but not a superior woman, grew very fond of Mrs. Verity, whose character was similar to her own.

Doctor Priestley,* absorbed in his studies (which were afterwards to enlighten mankind) minded these ladies but little; but

* Priestley was then at Leeds. He discovered "Fixed Air" (Oxygen) in 1774.

after a time my mother's character struck him as uncommon ; he saw a rich though uncultured soil, and his benevolent heart determined him to spare some little portion of his precious time towards its improvement.

What an opportunity was this for a mind so anxious for knowledge ! But this was not all. He employed her as his amanuensis. Leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, he would dictate to her for half a day together, while she, in a hand scarce legible, would commit to paper the sublime results of his meditations. Sometimes she would stop from not knowing how to spell a difficult word, and then, though the mildest of human beings, he would become angry and tell her not to stop the current of his thoughts but to spell it any way.

After a certain hour every evening, Dr. Priestley gave himself up to his family and to any innocent diversion they could contrive ; and when their ingenuity failed, he would himself undertake to amuse them with some simple experiments in chemistry, etc. Electricity was a frequent source of delight to the young people, and the pleasure they enjoyed was his reward.

On this happy period of my mother's life she ever dwelt with pleasure mixed with deep regret at its short continuance.

After about a year her father wrote penitential letters to her mother. She consented to forgive all, and soon after they went to Bristol, where they lived for some time in peace.

When my mother took leave of Doctor Priestley he laid his hands upon her head, and solemnly blessed her. He bade her remember " that virtue was of no sex, and that integrity in man or woman was the same, and that to God alone we were accountable for our religious opinions." She never saw him more !

My father came to Bristol for the recovery of his health. Here my father and mother met, and from all I have ever heard their first interview decided their fate.

My grandfather Steele had now two children by his second marriage, one of them a son on whom he doted, the other a daughter equally dear to him. It cannot then be much wondered at that Sir Richard placed all his hopes in his youngest, Smith Steele, who promised to be at least of the most docile nature.

Sir Richard neither gave nor refused his consent to my father's marriage, but left him to act as he pleased, only determining not

to increase his income. This was but a gloomy prospect for him, and as for my mother, she could have no expectation of a fortune if she married without her father's consent.

But what are obstacles like this to a woman capable of real love and incapable of vanity? My mother had some strong prejudices against living in Ireland, but every day she felt herself more and more called upon to overcome them. She believed that were she settled somewhere in, or near, Dublin, it might at least be in her power to save her children from being entirely forgotten. My mother saw all the disadvantages she would have to combat in taking this step. She had brought no portion, and this circumstance alone would have made her unwelcome as a daughter-in-law; but the birth of a son was an event still less desired by my father's people in Dublin, as it must necessarily be heir at least to the title, on which Lady Steele set no small value.

My mother had both philosophy and good sense enough to know the value of *present good*, but when she looked at her children the future would press imperiously on her mind. They took leave of kind and estimable friends, whom they were no more to see, set sail for Ireland, and arrived safely at Dunleary, from whence they were driven to the Ram Inn in Aungier Street, a filthy place, but at that time the best inn Dublin afforded.

My mother knew little of the geography of Dublin, but after some search, she fixed upon a house at the end of Portobello. This place was at that time a sweet outlet, with fields before and behind the house, and at the same time was within a short walk of town.

My mother had been accustomed to exceptional neatness and order wherever she lived. It had become a part of her nature, and she could not dispense with it. Her dress, her furniture and her domestic economy had all the characteristics of Quakerism, except gloom and formality; but how was this to be continued now?

The Irish maid-servants stared and wondered and plied her with "dears" and "honeys" in hopes of soothing her "till her unreasonableness should go off," but my mother was young and sanguine, and one after another was discharged, till at length she found that she must in some measure give way to circumstances beyond her control.

It had been my mother's determination not to form any

acquaintance for the present, on account of her domestic duties, but she was tempted to infringe this rule. At the back of Portobello lies Boatefield, then a sweet retirement belonging to a truly amiable woman. Mrs. Boate's history would make an interesting novel but the active scenes of her life were over before my mother ever saw her. She had at this time been married many years to Surgeon Boate,* a rough, brutal fellow, who kept two mad-houses in that neighbourhood. As you must wonder to hear that a woman of the most cultivated mind and polished manners was the wife of such a person, I will briefly sketch her story.

She was, I believe, the only child of Dean Corbet, and no pains had been spared on her education. Her father's foible was ambition; his strongest wish was to see her the wife of a man of high rank, etc., but her heart was governed by far softer feelings, and the time approached when they were to be revealed.

Dean Corbet had been the generous patron of a young man, whose name I now forget, but who was little indebted to Fortune, and *very much to Nature*. This dangerous hero was perpetually at the house and in Miss Corbet's society. The Dean had purchased him a commission, and whatever were his feelings towards Miss C., he had hitherto been able to master them sufficiently to appear willing to go abroad. But when the hour of separation arrived, their mutual efforts were vain; Love stood confessed, and the Dean saw what he ought to have seen long before.

Their condition had no power to move him: he sent the young man abroad immediately and treated Miss Corbet with unusual harshness. The consequence of all this, acting on a delicate frame, was a temporary derangement of intellect during which Miss Corbet stabbed herself twice. On this occasion Surgeon Boate was recommended to the Dean as a proper person to attend his daughter.

In a little time her health was somewhat restored, but her

* "Surgeon Boate.—He was probably the great-grandson of the celebrated Dutchman, Gerald Boate, or de Boot, Physician, the author of *The Natural History of Ireland*, which work he completed not long before his death in 1650. It was published in 1652 and again in 1726, in 1755, and lastly, in 8vo, in a collection of Tracts and Treatises on Ireland, in 1860. Gerald Boate had an elder brother, Arnold, equally distinguished as a Hebraist, who came to Ireland at the instance of James Ussher. He was also M.D., and the author of several learned works. Gerald's widow, Katherine Boate, obtained 1,000 acres of land in Tipperary in return for her husband's subscription to the expenses of the Parliamentary Army in Ireland."—See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, S. v.

mind continued unsettled, and after a long attendance at the Dean's, it was found necessary to give her for a time into Boate's care. This horrid Saracen, whose figure is still retained in my memory as one of the hobgoblins of my infancy, had both skill in his profession and considerable acuteness of perception in all that could tend towards his interest. He knew the value of the gem he had got possession of, and determined if possible to make it his own. To effect this he made the Dean believe that her case was almost hopeless, and that it was absolutely necessary for her to remain with him; that even in the case of an apparent cure there could be no doubt of a relapse should she return home.

The father, whose heart was so nearly broken between remorse and sorrow, placed the fullest confidence in Boate, who in the meantime studied every art that could be practised to gain the favour of his unfortunate patient. He saw that she would soon recover, but this he carefully concealed, and hinted to the Dean "that the noise of the story must forever prevent Miss Corbet from marrying according to her rank, but that he thought that if some *worthy good* man could be found, who should be sensible of her merit, the kind care of such a husband might do wonders towards her restoration." "Alas!" said the poor Dean, "where can such a man be found?" To make the story short, Boate offered himself, and the justly humbled father was glad to accept him.

How he managed with his victim was never well known, *even to herself*, but this much is certain: one of the first proofs she gave of restored intellect was a solemn request that she might be allowed a house where she could sometimes enjoy unmolested solitude. With this request it was thought proper to comply, and Boatefield was accordingly built for her.

In this place, which her taste had made a fairy scene, she had resided a long time when my mother came to Ireland. She was visited by all the first people in the kingdom, but had few intimate acquaintances, nor any intercourse with her neighbours, who for this reason continued to doubt her perfect sanity, or, at least, to think her very odd.

I should not have digressed into Mrs. Boate's history, but that it may account for the friendship which subsisted between her and my mother for so many years. It commenced before I was born, and continued till long after my father's death. Mrs.

Boate had been first attracted by Richard's beauty, English dress, etc., but a strong sympathy of tastes and sentiments soon united her to his mother. Their opinions were not the same upon all subjects, and there was a great disparity in their years; but these differences were not injurious to their friendship. My mother could smile at her pride of family and love of high-sounding names, while she in return indulgently allowed for my mother's profound ignorance of the great world. A small field lay between Mrs. Boate's lawn the rere (*sic*) of my mother's house, and through the wall that bounded this field Mrs. Boate had a door cut to make their intercourse more easy.

Two years after—one dark winter's night, the house was broken open by a number of ruffians with blackened faces. There could be little chance of a rich booty at our house, but it afterwards appeared that a few guineas, which one of the women-servants had seen in my mother's purse, was the cause of this outrage. My father kept no man-servant, but was himself well armed. He was asleep when my mother was alarmed by the screams of the maids, two of whom lay below stairs. The woman who had spoken of the money she had seen proved her honesty by giving the alarm, for which her head was fractured and her arm nearly cut off by one of the robbers. A young gentleman who lived next door was roused by the noise, and came instantly to my father's assistance. One or two of the men were secured, and my father received no injury, but my mother's spirits never intirely (*sic*) recovered the shock of that night.

After this incident they fixed upon a house in Ranelagh Road (now Charlemont Street), and moved there immediately. This outlet was not so agreeable as Portobello, as it was a thoroughfare and not so close to the fields; but it was the nearest to her wish that offered.

In February, 1875, a few months previous to the intended marriage of his daughter with Mr. Fetherston, Sir Richard, now nearly eighty, hurt his leg at the theatre and in a week died of a mortification.

I believe it was not two months after the death of my grandfather, when one night, passing hastily through the hall without light, my father hurt his leg against a chair. The hurt was apparently so trifling that he scarcely noticed it, but his blood was probably heated by wine at the time it happened, and after a day

or two he was compelled to attend to it. He then, against my mother's opinion, sent for the detestable Surgeon Boate, who managed it so ill that he was confined to his bed six weeks. Boate then pronounced him cured, but when my father attempted to stand he found the back sinews so contracted that he could not set his heel to the ground, nor was he ever afterwards able to do so.

To a man who disliked riding and driving, and delighted in walking, this was a great misfortune. It was necessary that he should lean on a stick, and even with it he halted considerably. When, after months of hope, he found this irremediable, he gave up all thought of going abroad, and seldom moved from his chair; his appetite and spirits failed, society became irksome to him, and my mother had the misery of seeing his health daily decline. Thus was passed the first year of their independence.

Time and habit at length began to reconcile my poor father to his fate, and confinement, which was at first terrible to a man not fond of study, became by degrees more tolerable, but his spirits never recovered.

About this time my Uncle Smith Steele was making every effort to overcome his mother's objections to his marriage with Miss Segrave of Dominick Street, which she opposed on account of her being a Roman Catholic. Without his mother's consent Miss Segrave would not receive his addresses, and while matters remained in this state he breathed nothing but love and despair. Too unhappy to remain at home, he frequently passed the day at the house of the late Sir Michl. Smith, then Councillor Smith, of York Street.

It is necessary to mention that Sir Richard's first wife (my father's mother) had brought a very considerable fortune, and owing to some words in the marriage settlement, there was a possibility of my father disputing this property with his brother.* Councillor Smith was an eminent lawyer and an old friend of Sir Richard, and Smith Steele, who was extremely timid, turned to him for advice on all occasions, and particularly looked to him for support in case my father should ever claim his mother's property.

Miss Smith was young and pretty, and my uncle, tho' he

* *I.e.*, his half-brother, Smith Steele.

had not a serious thought of her, sometimes paid her a few unmeaning compliments and attentions. As his attachment to Miss Segrave was publicly known, he probably thought himself perfectly safe ; but Councillor Smith, who had long looked upon him as a most desirable match for his daughter, was determined to take advantage of his visits, and one day, after a very free circulation of the glass, he pressed the subject so suddenly and so skilfully, that my poor uncle, before he knew what he was saying, was fairly "committed." The next day, in great agitation of mind, he informed his mother of what had occurred, and she most earnestly advised him to explain his sentiments to Councillor Smith and free himself from an obligation repugnant both to her and to himself, for Lady Steele had a stronger dislike to this connection than even to that of Miss Segrave. But my uncle wanted courage to risk offending his legal friend, and besides, he thought dishonour and disgrace would ever attach to him if he retracted. He became, therefore, the declared lover of a woman whom he did not even like, while every feeling of his soul was possessed by another.

My father heard of this strange entanglement with sorrow. He had seen but little of my uncle lately, as the time of the latter was taken up between his love-affairs and the Sheriffship of the County, which he had accepted this year, and which had greatly helped to hurry his spirits and harass him. My father, however, wrote to him with his usual affection, assuring him that he need not apprehend future molestation from him, or his heirs, on the subject of his (my father's) mother's property, and he spoke of his own declining health in a manner that showed he was sensible he had not long to live. But it was all to no use, my uncle was in the toils from which he vainly wished to extricate himself. Unaccustomed to reason, or to think for himself, he saw no medium between certain unhappiness and eternal dishonour : he was kept perpetually at York St., and every day became more enslaved.

It was on the 25th of March that my mother was brought to bed of my brother Frederick, and on the same day my father found himself too weak to remain up any longer. My mother lay in the drawing-room of our house and my father slept on the upper floor. On his way from the parlour to his bed he entered her room and saw the babe in its cradle. The nurse observed him

look attentively at it for a while, and then approach my mother's bed, where she lay insensible, for her lyings-in were cruel ones. He looked at her as long as he could and then, after enjoining the women to conceal where he was going, he walked upstairs for the last time and took to his bed. In a day or two after this my mother was seized with a fever and her life was despaired of. The same physician attended them both, and our house became a scene of distress too painful to dwell on.

When my mother was at the height of her fever my uncle came to see her and my father. He found that the latter suffered very little, except from anxiety for my mother. His disease, tho' evidently mortal, was attended with no pain, nor were his spirits much affected. My uncle, who was not well himself, appeared agitated and unhappy. It was the beginning of April, and his marriage, he said, was to take place on the 10th or 12th. He was much affected at the state of our family, and my father was equally shocked at the wildness of *his* manner, but little did he, who was calmly expecting his approaching dissolution, imagine that he should survive his young and blooming brother!

After a severe struggle my mother began to show favourable symptoms. A natural fine constitution, fortified by habits of strict temperance and activity, conquered her disorder, and she began to recover and to be sensible of my father's hopeless state. She was unable to move in her bed, but messages now passed between them, and every morning a line in my father's writing was laid on her pillow.

While our family was thus circumstanced old Lady Steele, who was in a condition bordering on distraction, wrote a letter to Doctor Harvey, who had been her family physician many years and had attended my grandfather in his last illness, imploring him as a friend to assist her. She solemnly assured him that her son was not in health, that he had at that time considerable fever and had not been right for some time back. Doctor Harvey, to his eternal discredit, abused this confidence, and, instead of speaking seriously to my uncle, he indelicately showed him the letter, and turned the whole of its contents into ridicule. When she found from her son that she was betrayed and that the marriage was to take place the next day, she flew into a state of phrensy, and regardless of all form, besought them to put off the wedding for one week. But in vain; bad as she was, one must pity her. She

was actually told that "the jellies and ornaments of the table, etc., were prepared and could not be put off, and consequently the marriage must take place."

I am not certain whether it was on this day, or the next, that my poor uncle went to Miss Segrave's house and, understanding that she was indisposed, made his way to her room, where she was in bed. Kneeling beside her he gave way to his feelings for a few minutes, and then, after a solemn adieu, departed.

On the 12th of April he was married to Miss Smith, and on the 22nd he was dead—aged twenty-four. It is remarkable that Doctor Harvey was compelled to give him over, a fortnight after the receipt of the letter he had so little noticed.

Mrs. Boate was one of the first friends my mother saw after the death of my father, and when sorrow and business had a little subsided, she began to represent to my mother the necessity of removing to a better house and a more fashionable situation, etc., and she strongly urged the propriety of forming acquaintances and gradually introducing her children into life. I have always thought that this was the most critical period of my mother's life and perhaps of the lives of all her children. She was grateful for the advice of her friend, and for the delicacy with which it was given, but her opinion was altogether different from Mrs. Boate's. All that she recommended my mother thought might be highly proper for children with good fortunes, but hers, except the eldest, had next to nothing to introduce them into fashionable life. In vain did her friend, who knew the world, represent in her own graceful way the advantages of high connexions, of polished manners, of being "well brought out," etc. My mother thought it all a chimera, or at best but a scheming theory, which her principles and her heart equally rejected. All she would promise was that in a while she would look out for a larger house, chiefly because her family was sadly crowded in the present one.

Mrs. Boate was hurt at seeing her advice neglected, but before she would listen to a final determination she stipulated that my mother should go with her to visit some of her finest acquaintances (and she had scarcely one untitled) and also accompany her to a grand concert at the Rotunda, to both of which my mother consented. Mrs. Boate's carriage was a rich antique of curious work-

manship, which many in Dublin must still remember. The horses, liveries, etc., all bespoke grandeur reluctantly fading to decay. It had been a present from the dean, her father, and her husband generously allowed her to keep it while it would hold together. In this machine, accompanied by its truly elegant owner, my mother was carried to visit several dowagers of high rank, whose faces she remembered to have seen at Mrs. Boate's without any desire for further acquaintance with them.

It is not difficult to guess that these visits, and even the "grand concert at the Rotunda," where every person of fashion was known to Mrs. Boate, failed to alter my mother's resolution; but it is truly lamentable to think that a friendship of so long a standing was shaken by the result. The dearest opinions of both were at stake. Mrs. Boate insisted that if our youth was passed in obscurity we should never know how to act when obliged to live in the world, that no native grace or maternal precept could stand in the place of a little experience; and finally, with regard to our future matrimonial establishments, that we should not be merely unambitious, but most probably willing to sink into situations far inferior to our own. She added that all the money which might be saved could never compensate for half the advantages we should miss. She scrupled not to hint to my mother that she was herself young (not thirty-four), and that in the world only would she be safe, for there alone could she learn her own value.

My mother, on the other hand, maintained that if she broke through her plan of economy and simplicity we should lose all our *real* independence, both of fortune and of spirit, and probably at length become willing to sacrifice even principle to vanity and love of the world; that her own sufferings had taught her what a woman might expect, who went portionless to the altar; and that she considered it equally degrading in man or woman to seek advancement in marriage.

For herself she had no fears. She saw no company but two or three neighbours, chiefly the families of old officers who were compelled by their circumstances to live as retired as herself. The very few men who had visited at our house during my father's life-time were not now admitted—not even one—where then could be her danger?

Perhaps both were right, but both were too tenacious. It

is certain that many years after this my mother bitterly regretted that she had not yielded her judgment more to that of her friend.

There was another cause which, perhaps unknown to herself, made my mother less anxious to mix in society, or leave her home. Harriet, that idol of her heart, who grew every day more like her father, required incessant care. She slept in a room adjoining my mother's, and I have heard the latter say that she has often got up twenty times in one night to attend her. In watching the tender health of this darling, and in making fortunes for us all she did not think her time ill employed, and cared little for a world with which she was unacquainted. But Mrs. Boate, who was twenty years her senior, justly judged that the world is not to be despised, and particularly when there is a growing family.

We continued to reside on Ranelagh Road, without any addition to our establishment, except a pony for Richard. My mother now and then made enquiries relative to houses, but when she went into town to look at them, she always returned complaining of close streets and want of air. Above two years had elapsed from my father's death before she came to any serious resolution, and she then happened to hear of an architect, who was going to build in a very open situation. She went with him to see the ground, which was on the south side of Merrion Square, where there was at that time but one house, and none on the east side. There was a fine rear ground and a large wild field in front : the ground was cheap, and she immediately agreed to build. She fixed upon a house the size of which pleased her, and contracted with the architect to build it according to the model.

I ought not to omit to mention that the Dowager Lady Steele was now a frequent, tho' not a welcome visitor at our house. From a feeling of delicacy my mother when at home was never denied to her, but this effort often cost her very dear. Lady Steele had no good motive for coming ; her visits were merely for the purpose of venting wretched spite, or of attempting to excite some domestic mischief. When her malice could not move my mother, she would turn to Richard, and invite him most cordially to live with her in Dominick Street, where " he should have everything he could fancy, for he was entitled to have every wish gratified, as he would have three thousand pounds a year, of which she would advise him not to be defrauded, etc., etc." After this she would retire, and generally left my mother in very low spirits.

Some months before I was born a Mr. Halpin was brought to our house in Portobello by Captain Boyle, a military acquaintance of my father, who introduced him as a crayon and miniature painter, and a young man deserving of encouragement and kindness. He was then about twenty years old, or more, but it would have been impossible to judge by his appearance what his age might be, as nothing living ever was so thin and fragile as his form. He was dressed in the extremity of the fashion, or indeed far beyond it. His clothes appeared to be the work of a milliner, and his face was painted a variety of colours. My father and mother received him with civility, and found on conversing with him that notwithstanding his ridiculous appearance, there was nothing at all assuming or forward in his behaviour. His understanding was weak, but he was cheerful and amusing, and so gentle that one always thought of a woman when he spoke. He was employed to paint my mother and Richard, then an infant, in crayons, and in the course of his visits the sweetness of his temper and his eagerness to oblige so won upon my father that he gave him a general invitation to the house.

I have before mentioned my father's taste for music. It had lain dormant for some time, but Halpin's charming singing revived it, and my mother, though her strong contempt of him could sometimes scarcely be restrained, often forbore to show it in consideration of the real benefit of his society in soothing and amusing my father without the aid of the bottle, which Halpin detested.

As we grew up he continued to be a visitor. A week seldom passed without his calling, and he was never allowed to depart till evening. Tho' very fond of plays, my parents never entered a Dublin theatre, but Halpin, who had considerable dramatic taste, made them feel the privation less by his descriptions of the acting and his excellent imitation of the singers, etc.

Tho' my father never scrupled to ridicule his personal vanity and love of frippery, Halpin both venerated and loved him : if he was indisposed and wanted appetite for his dinner, Halpin, without saying a word, would fly to the market, even in the depth of winter, and bring home a woodcock, or some delicacy that might tempt him to eat at supper. To us he was no less kind ; he loved children, and never was more happy than when contriving amusement for them ; nor would it ruffle his temper if his finest Mechlin lace

was torn, or his most curious waistcoat soiled by some unlucky trick. He would grieve deeply, but never resent the injury. Nay, if in schoolboy boldness a mouse was conveyed into his pocket, or a squib under his chair, tho' his terror would amount almost to hysterics, he was soon and easily appeased, and a cup of the strongest *green tea*, which was his chief nourishment, would tranquillize his spirits and restore all his native sweetness.

Such was the man who for a series of years was the easy friend and plaything of my father.

His acquaintance was extensive and he was a favourite with all ; but of attachments to any of our sex no one ever suspected him : his ambition in that way seemed so intirely unawakened, that when ladies were present, their dresses interested him more than themselves, and he would prefer a game of whist with the Dowagers to any converse with the younger part of the company. His passions were dress, whist and music, and his pursuits were perfectly harmless and generally refined.

When my father died my mother gave up the very few male visitors who had frequented our house, and among others Mr. Halpin. He had never been more than tolerated by my mother, and he expected the event, tho' I believe it gave him real concern. From that time we never saw him, or heard of him, till above three years afterwards, when he was sent for to take Harriet's picture, as she lay dead.

He happen'd to be in town and came instantly, full of concern for the death of the little creature who he had predicted should one day be the greatest beauty of the age. The sight of death did not, however, shock him much, for I remember he ——

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Here the manuscript abruptly ends. To all appearance the remaining pages were deliberately and of set purpose destroyed, for the story ends with the leaf and in the middle of a sentence.

However interesting to her daughter, and to friends who knew and valued the sterling nobility of her character, her mother's life may have been ; one fears that the family considered that it did not concern later generations to learn that she had married a "dancing master" ; for this was what happened.

In 1787 Sir Parker died ; for some years his widow lived in retirement ; then she married Halpin.

Lady Steele survived Sir Parker some two-and-twenty years. No note remains of her life. Without doubt her second marriage was viewed by Sir Parker's family and connections as a sort of social suicide, and that it seemed a quixotic step none will be likely to deny. But Lady Steele was no ordinary woman ; her standards were not those of this world, and one feels she saw qualities in this bepowdered and bepainted petit-mâitre which but little appealed to the *beau monde* of her time. Halpin, fop and dandy though he was, had ever been the unfailing and devoted admirer of her husband—perhaps of herself. That was enough ; to have him by her side healed her sad and wounded heart. But “ Society ” takes no account of such sentimental trifles as wounded hearts and broken lives. She was now dead to a world that once courted her, a world which she had consistently—perhaps unwisely—despised.

[*Part II. follows in the next issue.*]

Black Oliver

A Play in One Act.

BY JOHN GUINAN.

People of the Play :

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.

FEAR GAN AINM.

SKELP.

[*Black Oliver* was first performed at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Monday evening, May 16th, 1927, with the following cast :—

GIOLLA NA NAOMH	.	.	ARTHUR SHIELDS.
FEAR GAN AINM	.	.	F. J. McCORMICK.
SKELP	.	.	GABRIEL J. FALLON.

(P. J. Carolan appeared as THE BLACK MAN.)

The play was produced by Lennox Robinson.]

Scene :—A room in a lonely farm house, which has fallen into decay. There is a large window at the back, middle ; and there is an open fireplace at the left, middle. The door is at the right, near the back, and gives on a hall without. A rough deal table, half the length of the room, runs down the middle of the floor. Books and bundles of paper, covered with writing, are thrown about the table. Two candles on the table, one stuck in a block of wood and the other in the grip of a rushlight holder, dimly light the room. The turf fire burning on the hearth makes a fitful blaze. There is a chair set here and there about the walls. A couple of orange boxes, in which shelves have been fixed, are put on end at the far side of the hearth. These hold some broken bread, a few sods of turf, and sticks, crockery, knives and forks and so forth. On the tops of the boxes, which are covered with old newspapers, pots and kettles jostle against each other, and above these again a frying pan hangs from a hook in the wall. An artist's easel stands between the table, left, and the window. On it is placed an unfinished charcoal sketch of Black Oliver. This is without a frame, and shows the subject wearing a wideawake hat, which throws a heavy shadow across his visage. The easel is turned partly away from the fireplace so that the features are caught faintly

by the light from the two candles on the table. Other pictures, some in oils, and all without frames, rest on the floor and lean against the back wall.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH, and his left shoulder to the drawing, sits at the table facing out. He is a weak wisp of a man, with a starved, nervous look. His beard is scanty and grizzled, and he wears windows with horn rims. He lifts up the sheets of paper, on which he has been writing, and, turning towards the fire, begins to read out, using the pen in his hand to enable him to keep the line and to stress certain words.

GIOLLA (reads): "Black Oliver: A Foreword." (Brings the candle on the right a trifle nearer to him). "No living man—ever met—Black Oliver—face to face—." (He lifts his eyes and catches sight of the portrait. He stops abruptly as if startled by the sudden appearance of an enemy before him. With a searching but frightened glance from the portrait to the chimney corner, he throws both the pen and paper on the table. He makes a spring from his seat and crosses to the window, where he takes down an artist's white overall from the knob of the shutter. This is ragged, and in places is speckled like a palette. He throws it over the portrait on the easel and then goes back to his seat. After another glance in the direction of the corner, he takes up the pen and paper and starts to read again). "No living man—ever met—Black Oliver—face to— (draws the pen through a few words and then writes quickly as he reads the next few) met Black Oliver—in the flesh (nods with approval)—but generations—of human beings—have been shadowed—by his blighting—(nods again) blighting presence. The things—which I here—set down—in black and white—will help to free—the countryside—of this abiding horror: for they go—to show—that Black Oliver—was hardly as wicked—as his name: that his great—rugged frame—sheltered a spirit— (peers into the shadows and repeats the last two words to keep them "in his head") a spirit—."

(The door is opened noisily, and FEAR GAN AINM comes in. He is a man of thirty odd years of age, and is gaily attired, though his clothes show signs of wear and neglect. His long stockings are of brightly-coloured yarn, in strong

contrast with the sober brown of his corduroy trousers. He sports a dark ribbon round his white hat. The blackthorn stick in his fist may be taken as a sure sign that he does not spring from a country district. He has the easy air of a man who has "knocked about a bit," as he would likely put it, and earned his crust in rough places. But he gives a body the feeling that, while he takes life as it comes, he is devoted to his art and is capable of fine work when he lays his mind down to it.)

FEAR (*coming up to the table*) : It's a glorious night abroad, Servant of the Saints !

GIOLLA (*laying down the pen and paper*) : I am glad to see you safely back again. I was feeling a bit uneasy while you were out.

FEAR : You needn't fret about me, if that was your trouble, though a stranger could easily get lost amongst the hills in this quarter. (*Flinging the blackthorn on the table.*) Did you not venture out for a ramble under the starry sky ?

GIOLLA : I was too busy, trying to make the most of our last night in this house.

FEAR : Doing your best to finish the book (*looks at the papers on the table*) where you started it ? You always forget that nature, the great giver, keeps many a secret and charm for the quiet hours. (*Looks out through the window.*) There's the moon rising towards the east and casting enchantment over the earth.

GIOLLA : Enchantment ! It should be a good night for——for what you had in view. In your wanderings did you run against——(*shifts uneasily and throws another hasty glance towards the empty chair in the corner*) against Black Oliver ?

FEAR (*with a doleful shake of the head*) : Did I ? I hardly hoped to be that lucky, though I hit the lonely road to Knock-croghery.

GIOLLA (*in surprise*) : Is it to the Hill of the Hangman !

FEAR (*walking about and striking his hands together as if to make himself warm*) : Till I was like to get frost-bitten, I stood on

the edge of the grassy mound where they hung Black Oliver by the neck, the time they did. But, for me, at all events, no ghost walked that desolate ground since the fall of the night. (*Sits down at end of table, right.*)

GIOLLA : You have no call to go about, trying to tempt poor spirits from their rest. And it shows a queer twist in a man steeped in doubt.

FEAR : Is that because I scorn the usual throng of phantoms and night fears that run in people's minds ?

GIOLLA : It's because you argue that all ghostly appearances are mere vapours of the brain. Don't you hold that Believing is Seeing ?

FEAR : Believing is seeing ? And isn't that true, in spite of the old saying ?

GIOLLA : But since you blindly own to no life but this——?

FEAR : Didn't I tell you already how I have come, strangely, to believe in Black Oliver ? There is an air of quality, of reality, about him that touches me keenly. He differs greatly from those groaning ghosts of dead men——.

GIOLLA : Ghosts of dead men !

FEAR : Those who come back——in case their earthly careers were a bit unruly. As I tell you, Black Oliver has all the strength and sap of a thing would grow up out of the ground. But isn't it here, above all places in the world, a body would expect him to appear ? Wasn't it in that corner, if all they tell be to be relied on, wasn't it in that corner he spilled his father's soul ? (*GIOLLA NA NAOMH gives a start, FEAR GAN AINM moves over behind him and takes off his hat. He turns to hang it on the top of the easel, and sees the torn overall.*) What made you hide my dream of him under this——(*lifts the overall off and holds it up to the light*) this curtain, shall I call it ? (*Drops it on a lower peg and places his hat on the top of the easel.*) Were you afraid some stranger would find us out here at last ?

GIOLLA (*evasively*) : It is not——not strangers who are likely to make their appearance in this house.

FEAR (*blowing specks of dust off the sketch and touching it lightly with a pencil which he takes out of his pocket*) : You might have ruined my happiest effort. Do you think I could ever capture Black Oliver like that again ? There is no denying, that is how he lives in the eyes of the neighbours.

GIOLLA : That is the worst of it ! A while ago there came into that swarthy visage a fierce look was not right, was not human.

FEAR : I would like to believe that, only I'm sure it was on your eyes it was.

GIOLLA : Was it my eyes that made a great stir amongst the shadows that people the corner ?

FEAR : A gust blew down the chimney and shook the shadows into ghostly life.

GIOLLA : But I became aware of a threatening figure whispering and moving stealthily behind that chair.

FEAR : It was your own scruples, startled at last, that rose before you. Was it any wonder you were upset, and the work you had in hand ? What call have you, or any living man, to destroy Black Oliver in the minds of the people ?

GIOLLA : Is it in the minds of the people he has blasted from their cradle ? I grew up in this parish, and I know the mortal dread of that haunting presence which filled and chilled every child of my day.

FEAR : But, for all that, who wants to get shut of him ? Isn't Black Oliver the glory of the parish ? Can any other place hold a candle to him ?

GIOLLA : The Black Oliver of real life is not to be blamed for the grisly legend that has gathered about him, dead. It is the horrible figment of the fireside, it is that scourge I am bent on laying. My work will redeem an injured man in the eyes of the world. And not alone that : it will make this quarter safe for big and little in the future.

FEAR : And to serve that paltry end you would twist an old tradition ? You would banish a lively character from the countryside ? Ruthlessly, by the roots, you would dig up the one growth thrives here, the only thing left to nourish the imagination of the people ?

GIOLLA (*rising*) : In your new gospel, is it a sin to tell the truth ?
I have gathered together all that has come down about Black Oliver, good and bad.

FEAR : I have not been idle either.

GIOLLA : That is your affair. Do you want me to reject the fragments are to his credit ? For the sake of keeping alive a vile fiction must I deny him every saving grace ? Must I refuse, in the teeth of reason, to give him a streak of human nature ?

FEAR : Human nature ? Would you clothe him in the vesture of decay ? In such a sport of destiny, trifles like heart, pity and the rest are no more than a flaw in a costly jewel, or, should I say, a " fault " in an iron rock.

GIOLLA : I heard a whimper of agrarian trouble at that time. You know the pious horror that homely word was always expected to evoke ? You know that every leader in the struggle for the land was blackened as a scoundrel ?

FEAR : But you don't even make him a hero ! If Black Oliver was merely the feeble creature of your fabrication, could he hold together, let alone outlast generations of men ? If he was not as vital as his story, how is it that he strikes more deeply and firmly in their hearts year after year ? Wasn't it out of that thrilling story his living image arose, as I have caught it there ? Your version could not inspire that work. It is too reasonable to be real : too credible to be true. (*Looks out again through the window.*) There's the moon already up and lying on the ridge of the Hangman's Hill. It must be true what they told me up in that direction this night.

GIOLLA (*taking his seat again and seizing hold of his pen*) : What is it they told you ?

FEAR (*with a sweep from the empty chair in the corner to the distant sky line*) : That as he swung round on the gibbet, Black Oliver was able to get a glimpse of the house he had spattered with his father's blood.

GIOLLA (*throwing down the pen in double disgust*) : And do you agree that human beings of that day would go out of their way to make a dying wretch's agony worse ?

FEAR : What would they do in our tender age ? Block a bucket over his eyes for fear their poor victim would see them riddling his skull with bullets of lead ! They told me it took the best part of a morning to stretch Black Oliver. They were in a hurry back to drink his health. (GIOLLA NA NAOMH *starts.*) Don't stare at me like that ! These old customs die hard. What did the hangman do ? He ran for the axle tree of a car that was stuck in a gap, and tied it across the struggling man's two knees. Work that fine flourish into the book and it will make your "gentle readers" sweat.

GIOLLA : Did you never hear tell of Minerva, held in the air by a chain of gold and an anvil dragging at her feet ?

FEAR : I have no mind for those ancient myths. (*Lifts a picture from the floor and holds it up in a suitable position against the back wall.*) "The Hill of the Hangman by Moonlight," signed "Fear gan Ainm." Wasn't this to face the title page of the book ? (*Motions towards the papers on the table, which GIOLLA NA NAOMH goes on gathering up without speaking.*) With a burst of red and yellow it would make a striking dust jacket.

GIOLLA : For both our sakes, it is a pity we could not agree about the book.

FEAR : When you brought me down here, to vivify your pages, as you kindly put it, my heart beat high. Never before had I found a subject to touch me to emotion. But at last Black Oliver gave to my life that shock of creative impulse which makes all art worth while. (*Sadly, looking at the picture in his hand.*) At the worst, my year's work, the glory and the dream, (*turns towards the back wall*) will serve for wall-paper in some local "Arms." Weather-bound guests can amuse each other trying to guess who was Fear gan Ainm, the Man Without a Name.

GIOLLA (*brightening*) : Isn't it a caution how many of these inns help to keep alive family names that are often more stained and faded than the signboards creaking on rusty hinges above the doors !

FEAR (*putting down the picture*) : That rings like a fresh stroke out of the book. (*Blows out the candle on the right.*) Up with

you now and get to your bed. It's an early start we'll be having in the morning.

GIOLLA : You're in great hurry to lie down. (*With a sudden burst*) I'll not lay a side on a bed this night, nor ever again under this roof !

FEAR : That is a queer turn. (*Looks at him.*) I'll put this away (*lifts down the sketch of Black Oliver with one hand and leaves it with the other pictures against the back wall*) if it makes you uneasy. Are you—are you afraid ?

GIOLLA : I am afraid—(*with a nervous excuse*) afraid Skelp may sleep it out, this night of the nights. He never came round to put up the horse and car. He said he would do it to be ready for the road.

FEAR : Skelp knows his work, and is used to being out late and early. (*Takes up the lighted candle from the table.*) Up with you now : for you'll get your death if you fall into a sleep here, and only white ashes on the hearth.

GIOLLA (*making a leap and grasping FEAR GAN AINM by the sleeve*) : Sleep down here, did you say ? I have no notion of staying in this room by myself. Let you take out the few candles are left over and I will sit beside your bed above.

FEAR (*getting away from him and putting down the candle again*) : Do you want to hold a wake on the head of the night is in it ? It's myself will make the warm corpse.

GIOLLA : Quit that horrible talk of wake and corpse, will you ! I don't know why I ever set foot in this house and the woful name is on it.

FEAR : It's not every house a needy pair could get for keeping the door shut. Another man, kindled by the spirit of the place, would make its ghastly story throb in the telling.

GIOLLA : And shock public taste ?

FEAR : Public taste ! Does the bee make honey for pismires ? I see you are doubly damned. If you do not take warning in time your own fine spirit will haunt you.

GIOLLA : Haunt me ! Can the mind haunt itself ?

FEAR : Surely ! What is remorse ? A ghost without shape.

GIOLLA : But, as surely, the mind can lay its own ghost. Has a mere figment any rights of its own ?

FEAR : Doesn't that depend on how it came into being ? This phantasm of Black Oliver, to take a case——.

GIOLLA : Surely, you don't make out that a child of phantasy, when once it is in it, as they say, has a life of its own ; and that no mortal has any call to " kill it off " any more than he might a child of the flesh ?

FEAR : Why shouldn't a character that lives in the minds of the people have its natural rights to that degree ? Is not the Shan Van Vucht, the Poor Old Woman of the poet's love, as dear to us as, say, Granuaile, an actual figure in history ? What would you do if the spirit of the race, that fine froth of oratory, took bodily shape and came there knocking at the door, like this ?

(He knocks with his knuckles on the table. On the instant a sharp knock is heard on the door, as if it had been struck by the handle of a whip. He makes as if to open the door.)

GIOLLA *(holding him back)* : Don't open the door till it knocks three times. You know it's not lucky in the night time !

FEAR *(turning on him)* : Damn that old superstition ! *(Facing the door)* Come in, and welcome !

(The door is drawn back and SKELP walks in. He is bearing a lanthorn, and it burning. He is much of an age with GIOLLA NA NAOMH, and he has a weak resemblance to the Black Oliver of the sketch. He has a whip thrown across his shoulder.)

SKELP *(peering into the chimney corner)* : God save all we see here ! *(He comes up towards the hearth.)*

GIOLLA : God save you kindly, Skelp !

FEAR : Won't you sit down for a start ?

SKELP : I will, and thank you. *(Makes for the empty chair, but recovers himself in time and turns back again.)*

FEAR *(taking stock of him)* : And why don't you take that chair in the corner ?

SKELP (*awkwardly, as his mouth drops*): Why don't I? Sure, I must first put this lanthorn out of the way. And I'll quench it to save the stump. (*Blows out the candle and leaves the lanthorn at the door. He looks round the room and brings chair up to the end of the table, right.*) I won't draw nigh the fire for the short time I have to stay (*sits down*): for that's the way the cold strikes a body when you have to be going out soon again.

FEAR: It's dead out, in any event.

GIOLLA: You put up the pony in the stable abroad?

SKELP (*with a nod*): 'Twill save me a journey round by the crossing of the roads in the morning, let alone making a noise would rouse the childre before their time.

FEAR: In a place like this, where every lone bush shelters its poor spirit, they are easily frightened in the dark hour before daybreak. I am sure your childre got wind of Black Oliver long ago.

SKELP (*shifting his seat back a bit and throwing an uneasy glance towards the empty chair in the corner*): Black Oliver! This is——what night is it? Friday night——This is Friday night. He won't hear us.

FEAR: Is that a charm against evil spirits, Skelp?

SKELP: And what harm's in a charm? But, may I make bold to ask, what do ye know of Black Oliver, and ye so free with his name?

GIOLLA: What do we know, Skelp! We would like to know what we don't know, after our twelve months here.

FEAR: Where we found the makings of a great book. (*Motions toward the table.*)

SKELP: And do ye think any mankind could pin that great spirit within a pair of leather covers, if it was a thing they knew his story itself.

FEAR: Sure, we have heard the whole story by every fireside round the rings of the parish. We came here to work on the spot.

SKELP: Let me tell ye, there's no living man knows the rights of that story but myself only. It's a mystery.

FEAR : You are the only man, Skelp, who kept us out from you.

SKELP : I had one good reason at the time, but I am now free to speak, if I chose. But there is no use in trying to draw me out.

GIOLLA : But doesn't every mother's son from this to Knockcroghery know the rights of that story ? Wasn't I born here myself, and reared up in the shadow of Black Oliver ?

FEAR : Didn't Black Oliver earn the rope, and get it ?

SKELP : There's neither blame nor shame on any man for giving heed to that old tradition, as I will call it, for it was well made and deftly put together.

GIOLLA : But there must be the giblets of truth in the tradition : for they are all on one word about it.

SKELP : It makes little odds to the weight of the people how a thing began so long as it is able to terrify them. And ye all know that this old forefather of mine, who was at the back of Black Oliver, did not neglect that feature of him.

FEAR : Is it what you make out, Skelp, that one of your blood put the story into shape.

SKELP : He did that. It's his due for me to let out that much.

GIOLLA : Do you mean he used what was ready to his hand and added the rest out of his own phantasy ?

SKELP : That was not his way at all ! He made it up in his own head entirely !

GIOLLA : And why should he give out what was false and wicked about a neighbour ? For, surely, he had somebody above all others in his thought ?

SKELP : An angrified man thrown unjustly on the high road may do many a queer turn to ease his torn mind, let alone to get back his just rights.

GIOLLA : But what way do you know that the story which has come down to us is not founded on fact, as they say ?

SKELP : And who has a better right to know that than myself ? Wasn't it kept a secret in the family to this day ? I had it from my father's father, and he had it back the same way, and all the way, to the man set the story going the time he did. It soon took root and spread. There may be a knob here or a knot there, but the growth is all of a piece.

FEAR : From what you are after saying, Skelp, I gather that this great grandfather of yours, if that's the right degree of kindred, was badly treated in his lifetime.

SKELP : And by the man he had in his thought, by Black Oliver, as we will call him, for his other name is as dead as his breed. He was put out of his place, this old forefather of mine I am telling ye about, and he after building this house, stone upon stone, the same as if his sort had any rights in law at the time. But word has come that it is all being given back to the family at long last, thrown in with the new holding I'm down to get.

GIOLLA : As an old neighbour, I'm glad to hear that, Skelp.

SKELP : That much good is after coming out of the story in the end. Only for that, I would never divulge the secret to a living man. It left the house and land on Black Oliver's hands : for no one about the place would take it, and strangers ran away when they heard what my old ancestor was sure to tell them, for he was a holy terror for lies and he put to it, may God forgive him if it was a sin, so ! My hand to ye, but after another generation Black Oliver was as real as Boney or Big Dan.

FEAR : And what sort of man was he himself, this—this gifted forbear of yours, Skelp ? *(Goes to back wall, and takes up the portrait of Black Oliver.)*

SKELP : I'll tell ye, then. If all they do say about him is true, he was large of limb, as ye might expect, and had a great shaggy head, with a tangled mane sticking out around the back of his neck, like the curled hair from a broken horse collar. *(FEAR GAN AINM lifts the lighted candle and passes it over the sketch as if to check the description.)* His whiskers grew wildly *(FEAR GAN AINM nods his head in a satisfied way at this)* over his swarthy cheek bones. But, sure, 'twas himself was the dead spirit of the character he left as a legacy to the life of the parish. *(With a sudden outburst, as he turns and catches sight of the portrait under the light of the candle.)* As sure as I'm a mortal man, that's himself ! *(Gets up and sets back his chair in awe.)* That's the face has haunted me from my cradle !

FEAR : I am grateful to you, Skelp, for these heartening words !

SKELP : That's him, warts and all, and no lie. But if it's a thing you never run against Black Oliver——

FEAR : I tried my dead best to get a glimpse of him.

SKELP : I am asking, by what magic or by what black art did you draw that effigy out of *my* head ?

FEAR : Out of *your* head, Skelp ! (*Looks from SKELP to the drawing.*) Do you know you have a distant resemblance to Black Oliver yourself ?

SKELP : And why wouldn't I ?

FEAR (*settling the portrait on the easel*) : There is good reason for it. Those who study family portraits tell us the likeness often shows itself queerly after a few generations.

GIOLLA (*breaking in between them*) : And what put it in your old ancestor's head to make Black Oliver the image of himself ? Was it a whimsical turn ?

SKELP : Far from it ! You have no idea how that way of working helped him. When the first terrible fit of rage seized him, and he left without hob or hearth—(*eyeing the portrait uneasily*) honest to God, that is himself to the life !——he used to be guilty of murder in his heart—God forgive him, if it was any harm !——every day he got up and watched the smoke rising from the chimney he was after building. But look at the way that served him in the end ! He was able to put his own wicked feelings into the Black Oliver of his mind till it became that image of fear ye heard tell of. He swore he would haunt the house, even while a living man, if it was a thing, through spite or spells, he could cast his spirit inside these four walls.

GIOLLA (*with nervous interest*) : Have you any reason to fear he ever did appear *that way* ?

SKELP : I would as lief offer no opinion on that. I can only speak for what I met myself, and it having all the makes and shapes of a Christian.

GIOLLA (*breathless*) : Do you tell me that !

SKELP : If my senses be to be dependable. But, as likely as not, 'twas only on my eyes it was : for in this world there are those who see what they look to see.

FEAR : That bears me out : Believing is Seeing.

SKELP : It's what I hold to myself, that a figure of phantasy, and it wrought out of such unruly strength and fury, might come into a life of its own.

FEAR }
GIOLLA } A life of its own.

SKELP : And it having ne'er a body or four bones behind it in the world. (*Going back to the door for the lanthorn*). Whether it did the same in his own lifetime, my old ancestor's, I can't say for sure ; but I could easily credit what my elders used to say. I could, that.

GIOLLA : And what had they to relate ?

SKELP : It was about curious people going the road at night and tempted to peep in through that window there. (*Nods towards the left*.) They were sure to see what they looked to see, and he set there, like an evil thought, in the corner. Not being natural, as a body would say, such an unearthly appearance would be more awful than the ghost of a dead man.

GIOLLA (*in terror*) : The ghost of a dead man !

SKELP : It would strike you like the blight, and it letting on to make sport like a rabbit on the wall. Is it any wonder I always carry the old lanthorn (*goes to light it again*) when I have recourse to this place after the fall of the night ! Let me be going before I begin to get him too much in my thoughts ; for another glimpse of that picture (*turns as if to avoid seeing it*) and he won't leave my sight this night. This (*raises the lighted lanthorn*) will keep me company across the dark fields ; for when the moon rushes out from behind a cloud it's a caution how many creepy shapes begin to hide in nooks and corners.

GIOLLA : It's easily seen, Skelp, why you are in dread of a figure of phantasy, as you call it.

SKELP (*proudly*) : And where will you find the teller of tales going now, with all their lies and lore (*looks with an air of contempt*

at the books on the table), could make a shadowy image of his own mind—(to FEAR GAN AINM) though it's a caution how you drew him out there, stroke on the top of stroke——could make a thing out of his own head would strike terror in the hearts of three generations ?

FEAR : That is a true word, Skelp.

SKELP : And let me warn ye, it wouldn't be wishing to the mortal man would belittle my great grandfather's spirit, if it's that same walks the earth ! I'll be striking the road now, for it's all hours of the night. *(Goes out swinging the lighted lanthorn, and closes the door after him. GIOLLA NA NAOMH and FEAR GAN AINM stand against the moonlit window looking after him.)*

GIOLLA *(taking his seat and looking again towards the door)* : Skelp seems to have inherited a little of the gifts of his fabulist—or is it fabulous ?—forefather.

FEAR : He bears me out in my view of Black Oliver.

GIOLLA : And do you give heed to that—that grotesque pretence, that Black Oliver only exists through——through rumour ?

FEAR : Aren't we all largely of that build ? Aren't we at best but ghosts in the disguise of men ? It makes no odds to me by what craft or potent magic Black Oliver comes to be in it. He fulfils a second purpose greater than the first. It makes no odds to me whether he ever lived in the flesh. He lives fully in my kindled thoughts.

GIOLLA : I deny that he is that half demon the people make out. But, Skelp or no Skelp, I will not give him up entirely !

FEAR : Then why are you trying to destroy him for others ? The bare mention of his name brings him vividly before my mind. I see him in that vision as he appeared the bloody night he throttled his father in that corner. This is how he looked, with his great horny hands uplifted and the anger flame bursting from his two eyes——

GIOLLA : Stop ! Or you will raise his ghost from the grave ! Do you want to bring him back to his old haunts ?

FEAR : His old haunts ! I tell you, in phantasy I can hear his noisy step abroad, and he making his way to the door, like this. *(Covers a few paces slowly with a heavy foot. A step in*

the same measure is heard without. He stops and puts an ear on him. The other step keeps on.)

GIOLLA (*in awe*): Listen! Do you hear that frightful echo through the house?

FEAR (*in deep wonder*): That is no empty echo in this haunt of echoes!

GIOLLA: It's like Skelp's walk, coming back again.

(The door is drawn back and the figure of THE BLACK MAN walks slowly and heavily across the floor, in front of the table, and takes the chair in the corner. He might have sat for the portrait of Black Oliver and might fairly claim SKELP for a cousin, many times removed. His hat, which he keeps on, is set to one side of his head. It is broad of brim, and is green with age and weather. He is roughly and oddly clad and shod, like a pilgrim who had strayed long ago out of some remote place. When he sits down, his hands rest on a knotty wattle, which lies across his thighs and the two arms of the chair. He has a bulky frame and great tangled beard. The glare in his eye might suggest by turns a poor mortal would be out of his mind, or an evil spirit let loose for the time being. He faces out towards the table, and never stirs in his seat.)

GIOLLA NA NAOMH and FEAR GAN AINM stand close together and follow THE BLACK MAN with their eyes, as if in a dream. FEAR GAN AINM, with intense emotion, lifts the candle from the table, and taking the pencil from his pocket, looks from the sketch to THE BLACK MAN.)

FEAR (*with a gleam of triumph in his face*): It is the spirit of my dream, in pilgrim disguise!

GIOLLA (*in terror*): Black Oliver?

THE BLACK MAN (*if it is not the startled voice of an echo*): Black Oliver?

(FEAR GAN AINM turns as if to give a touch to the sketch. GIOLLA NA NAOMH clings to him, and he drops the candle, quenched, on the floor. The room is left in darkness.)

CURTAIN.

The Problem of Government

By JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

A general election was held in the Irish Free State on the 9th June, 1927. No one party elected an absolute majority of the members of the Dail, and this situation gave rise to much discussion of the problem of government. This is one of the most fascinating of human problems, full of complexities, which vary from age to age, from place to place. But if we challenge these complexities to an examination, we can advance to a new stage of development; if we shrink from them there may be retrogression. Through the sustained application of the human mind we can, without doubt, make rational approaches towards a solution of this problem. A vast body of past experience is available; in interpreting it, we can be assured that great principles are as consistently and as constantly at work in the realm of politics as in the more mechanical aspects of the universe.

When an astronomer discovers an irregularity in the movements of a planet, he does not say that this irregularity ought not to exist, and that in fact it does not exist. He assumes that the ordered universe rests upon principles; he proceeds to consider the apparent irregularity, and pursues his investigations until he discovers its cause, a cause which in its turn must conform to some consistent principle. The relations between man and man, between nation and nation are far more complex, far more difficult to unravel, but no true understanding is possible, save through a patient examination of the facts. To say, when awkward problems arise, that these disturbing facts ought not to exist, that they do not exist, that we will take steps to hide them from our view, is to act as if human problems, including those of government, can be disposed of in some arbitrary way. The facts must be accepted; investigation may indicate the principles to which human action must conform.

From the great body of experience available, let us choose for examination some post-war experiments in government. The greatest of these experiments is the League of Nations. It falls far short of the hopes of those who conceived it, but it constitutes a very great advance in the realm of government. What principles, if any, enter into its conception; why, in its practical working, does it fail to give the full results expected of it?

The League is a loose federation of those nations willing to join it. Each individual nation retains its freedom, and only on this condition was even a loose federation made possible. This federation has established a World Court of Justice. Its decisions on concrete cases will, step by step, provide the nations with a body of law that will place the relations between the various nations on a basis of equity. Freedom for nations, justice in the relations between nations are two great principles, but they would not suffice to provide the world with a government. There are many world problems which no one nation, acting by itself, can solve, and the League of Nations implies a willingness on the part of the nations to co-operate in working out these problems. The principles of freedom and injustice are supplemented by a third principle, that of co-operation.

Further, all activities of the League likely to be of permanent value must be based upon the free play of the human mind. Where full freedom of discussion was not accorded, as in the negotiations during 1926 relating to the admission of Germany, as also in the framing of the new Constitution adopted when Germany was admitted, the League lost both in prestige and in efficiency. The contrary was the case in the world conference on economics. Here the freest discussion was permitted. This conference had no power to bind the governments represented, but the continued unfettered examination of world economic problems must be of the greatest service to mankind. The creation of right opinion is a necessary preliminary to satisfactory government.

In any circumstances, the League, in its working, would probably have fallen short of our hopes—human nature is imperfect. But at least three special causes have been at work preventing its proper functioning. First, the individual nations are as yet unwilling to subordinate their national interests, their national claims to the larger interests, to the larger claims of the world. The sceptic may say that this will be a permanent cause of weakness. In some measure this may be so, but the early history of any federation of states shows that at the beginning the individual states were often unwilling to subordinate their particular claims to the claims of the nation. Adjustments came slowly, but they did come, and we have, therefore, grounds for hope that in the course of time there may be a similar adjustment of

the claims of individual nations to the larger interests of the world. The second cause is that not all the nations of the world have accepted, in the organisation of their own governments, the three principles of freedom, justice and co-operation, which runs through those conceptions of government which gave birth to the League of Nations. Dictatorship is incompatible with any free play of the human mind, and so we find that those countries which are governed by dictators constitute, for the moment, a hindrance to the free development of the League of Nations. Russia, where there is no freedom of the press, is still outside the League. Italy, where likewise there is no freedom of the press, has, under its dictatorship, pressed its national claims to such a point that its actions have weakened the prestige of the League. Nationalism is always present, but dictatorship emphasizes it. There is a third cause, the relative status of the nations comprising the League. This would seem to be a small point, but it is one of those which has caused, and may still cause, a very large measure of irritation between nations. Spain claimed a permanent seat on the Council of the League; in other words, she claimed equality of status with Italy and with Japan. Her claim was refused, and she withdrew from the League. Brazil pointed out that Asia possessed a permanent seat on the Council, and that therefore South America should be granted a permanent seat. The claim was not granted, and Brazil has withdrawn from the League. In the interests of this great experiment in world government, the Constitution of the Council, including the method of its election, requires the most careful re-consideration; as time proceeds, it must be based upon principles of permanent value. As a first step to this adjustment, all friends of the League of Nations would be well advised to give attention to the memorandum presented by the Norwegian Government to the Secretariat of the League. Norway advances reasons for substituting the single transferable vote for the "block vote," the system of election now in use. But the Constitution of the League presents several problems which, unless wisely handled, may seriously hinder its acceptance as the instrument of world government.

We cannot hope, however, to make a success of world government unless we make a greater success of nation government. To do this it would seem that we must accept for nation government the same principles that we accept for world

government. Nations that reject freedom, justice and co-operation as principles of government are obstacles to the progress of the League. Most democratic nations, however, admit these three principles, but they admit them in varying degrees. By a comparative study of political conditions in different democratic countries we can test the validity and potency of these principles. First, democratic countries confer freedom upon citizens and upon parties. They admit of the free play of the human mind in the discussion of political problems. But not all democratic countries have adopted the principle of equitable representation in Parliament for citizens and for parties. Ireland, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and other countries are using proportional systems of representation. Great Britain and France are not. We are, therefore, in a position to examine the influence of justice or injustice in the representative system upon the third principle of government—co-operation between men and between parties in working out the problems confronting a nation.

Perhaps the most valuable consequence of the proportional system is that it compels a nation and its statesmen to examine the facts. The nation cannot get away from the facts by a toss of the coin, by some new election which might produce a completely different result. A new election under a proportional system gives approximately the same result. The facts have to be faced. They cannot be hidden from view. When the facts show that government can be maintained only through co-operation between parties or between government and parliament, statesmen commence to explore what measure of co-operation is possible.

The crisis in government in Belgium in 1925 furnishes an example. No one party had a majority. A new election would have given a similar result. The facts had to be faced. M. Vandervelde, the leader of the Belgian Labour Party, said :—"Belgium must have a Government; let the democrats of the other parties compare their programmes with ours, and let a government be formed which will give effect to the policies we have in common, and for which the nation is now ready." This declaration embodies a rational method of conducting human affairs. There were democrats in the Catholic party, and, after much discussion, a government was formed by the co-operation of the Catholic and

Labour Parties. Each party kept its identity. A full conference of the Belgian Labour party, after a well-sustained and well-argued debate, adopted the proposals of the leader by a large majority. A two-party government was formed. Confronted with a national difficulty—the continued depreciation in the value of the Belgian franc—the basis of the Government was broadened by including therein the Liberal party; this national government stabilised the Belgian currency, an achievement made possible by the principle of the utmost measure of co-operation between parties in dealing with national problems. At the next election, all three parties will act independently, presenting their own special programmes to the electors. The co-operation for immediate ends does not involve the surrender of freedom.

Germany adopted a democratic constitution after the war. Every one of her post-war governments has been based upon the co-operation of parties. The co-operating parties have not always been the same, but whenever a co-operation took place, the Government so formed explained to parliament the basis of union and the policies which it intended to pursue. Thus, when the Nationalists shared in the government, Count Fehrenbach, as Chancellor, made this announcement to Parliament:—"The Nationalists believe in the restoration of the monarchy, but the majority of the government, like the majority of parliament, are opposed to any such action. Accordingly, the restoration of the monarchy finds no place in the government programme." The government took the public into its confidence in respect of this important policy. The Nationalists form part of the present German government. They have co-operated in re-enacting the Law for the Defence of the Republic. Thus, under a proportional system, the will of the people gradually imposes itself upon parliament, upon parties, upon statesmen.

In Sweden at this moment no one party has a majority. The government, however, is not a Coalition, but the government co-operates with parliament. Liberals, the smallest of the three large parties, alone provide the Ministry. The Prime Minister, M. Ekman, and his government must co-operate with parliament in respect of these problems requiring attention.

The above illustrations give three different types of government, a national government of all parties, a government of several parties, and a government by a single party. In all the other

countries in North-Western Europe no one party has a majority ; the governments formed are of varying types ; but all must interpret the wishes of Parliament and of the nation and, where necessary, give a new lead to both.

These governments are not perfect ; they have their difficulties, and the greatest difficulty arises from the unwillingness of parties to put in the first place the immediate needs of the nation. The choice between the two loyalties, party and nation, is not always easy ; but it is essential to nation government that the two claims should be adjusted. But let us compare these experiments in co-operation in the carrying on of government with the experience of nations that have not adopted the principle of fair representation.

France in 1919 adopted a law designed to strengthen the representation of the large party. Many statesmen are attracted by this idea. It seems at first sight to provide a way out of some of the difficulties in government. The French law yielded in 1919 an overwhelming victory for the *bloc national*, for M. Poincaré. The two minorities that suffered, the Socialists and the Radical Socialists, considered the situation, and in 1924, the date of the next election, formed and entered into a pre-election arrangement, in order to secure for the coalescing parties the special advantages conferred by the electoral law upon the largest combination. The new coalition gained a great victory, helped by the law. But the co-operation was not based on common political policies, and so this artificial pre-election arrangement provided no basis for government. It led, in fact, to parliamentary paralysis. The Socialists and Radical Socialists had not adjusted their policies. Often they could not work together in parliament. They did not like to separate, lest the pre-election pact should not be renewed. In the end these artificial bonds had to be broken. A government, almost national in scope, had to be formed, in order to provide adequate authority for dealing with the financial situation in France. But of all the countries in north-western Europe, France, which has not the steadying influence of proportional representation, has perhaps the most uncertain political future. Its electoral law provides not for fair representation, but for an exaggerated swing of the pendulum.

In Great Britain in 1923 no one party had a majority. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Labour Party were entrusted with

the government, but no clear understanding was arrived at as to the principles under which government should be carried on. An occasion arose in which there was a difference of view between parliament and the government. No proportional system was in force, and instead of the government and the parliament being constrained to examine the facts, a way out of the difficulty was found by a new election. The gamble did not turn out as was expected. A majority of citizens elected an overwhelming majority of the parliament. The pendulum was pushed to its utmost limit. This unreasoning swing of the pendulum has left its mark on the history of Great Britain and of the world. Moreover Great Britain, like France, not possessing the steadying influence of proportional representation, has also a most uncertain political future. No one can say whether or not a new election will yield another violent displacement of representation.

As stated, the governments of France and Great Britain rest not upon the fair representation of the citizens, but upon exaggerated swings of the pendulum. This pendulum often acts like a bludgeon. It bludgeons out of existence many of the strong personalities of a Parliament. In each of two successive elections in Canada, a Prime Minister and many of his colleagues were overthrown; first, the Liberal Prime Minister, and then the Conservative Prime Minister. From the British Parliament there has been excluded, in a similar way, some of its most capable and distinguished statesmen. The proportional system retains for service in parliament and in government the strong personalities that are thrown up by a nation—and personality is an essential factor in government.

An examination of the practical working of government in democratic countries shows that there is an intimate relation between three great principles, freedom, justice and co-operation. No world government is possible which does not embody all three principles. Do they provide any trustworthy tests for appraising the human value of the action of political parties and of statesmen in their attitude towards nation government. At least they may serve until some better principles are forthcoming. Ordered nation government is indispensable if we are to proceed to a successful ordering of world government. Man can achieve both, if great principles run through human affairs.

Ireland's Neglected Opportunities

No. 1—PEAT

BY F. P. GRIFFITH.

"We live in an island almost infamous for bogs, and yet I do not remember that anyone has attempted much concerning them; I believe it may be of use to consider their origin, their conveniences and inconveniences, and how they may be remedied or made useful.

"As to the origin of bogs, it is to be observed that there are few places in our northern world but have been famous for bogs, as well as this, every barbarous, ill-inhabited country has them; I take the *loci palustria*, or *paludes*, to be the very same we call bogs: the ancient Gauls, Germans, and Britains retiring, when beaten, to the *paludes* is the very same that we have experienced in the Irish, and one shall find those places in Italy that were barbarous, such as Liguria, were infested with them, and therefore I believe the true cause of them is want of industry; at least industry may remove, much more prevent them."

Quite recently I wrote for the *Irishman* an article on the Peat Problem in Ireland, with a suggestion as to its solution. See *Irishman*, dated 28th May, 1927, "Our Unused Bogs."

Although this magazine has naturally a different kind of circulation, I shall make quotations from it, more especially in the matter of figures. The article, indeed, is largely composed of facts and figures recorded in Official Reports. A very able summary of the whole position appeared in the *Irish Trades Journal* of April, 1927, by Mr. G. Fletcher, F.G.S. In this article Mr. Fletcher states that the relative heat values of standard peat and domestic coal may be taken as 2 to 3, or that 3 tons of peat are equivalent to 2 tons of coal. This figure is a very useful one to keep in mind. Another fact not so generally known is that in Ireland at the present time we are burning about 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 tons of peat as against 4,600,000 tons of imported coal; in other words, we generate nearly as much heat from peat as from coal. Practically all of this peat, however, is hand-cut and untreated, and is therefore only suitable for consumption at the place of its origin, as the compact black peat which alone is suitable for fuel (as distinct from kindling) will not bear handling and goes to pieces in transit. Light brown peat, on the other hand, is only of value for kindling purposes, as it is too bulky for transport, and by reason of its structure burns too fast.

So far no serious attempt has been made to introduce peat on a large commercial scale in cities and towns. Things have, however, so far progressed that it should be now possible to do so economically, the process known as maceration making all the

difference in the position. This process consists merely in thoroughly churning up the peat in a kind of pug mill : peat so pulped dries very hard and does not come to pieces in transport, and is much more compact than most forms of hand-cut turf. At the moment of writing this, coal is very cheap in Dublin, but it does not seem likely that the average price in the future will be much less than 45s. per ton delivered in Dublin ; and if this be so and macerated peat can be delivered in Dublin for 30s. per ton, equality of value would have been reached, as far as heat units are concerned. Peat, however, possesses certain qualities which coal does not possess, notably that it does not form any cinders, that is, it leaves no combustible behind. No matter how carefully coal cinders are riddled out, a large proportion of small cinders eventually reach the dump or refuse destroyer, as the case may be. Again, a peat fire commonly smoulders throughout the night and is found glowing beneath a heat insulating ash the following morning. An enormous quantity of reports, papers, etc., many of them official, exist. Much work has been done in Germany, Canada, Italy, Sweden, etc., and in many cases official action has followed official investigation. Not so in Ireland, in spite of two recent investigations. First, the Report of a Committee appointed by the Fuel Research Board of England in 1917, viz., The Irish Peat Inquiry. They reported in Feb, 1918. Second, The Report, dated December, 1921, made by the Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland by a Committee specially appointed to deal with Peat.

There is, of course, also the Report by the Bogs Commissioners dated 1814 ; but this report, though most thorough and still of great value, deals *only* with drainage and cultivation. No official action has been taken on any of these three reports. As regards the 1814 Report, no doubt political changes may have held this up, but the treatment received by the Irish Peat Inquiry Committee that reported in 1918 makes strange reading. It is best described in the Irish (Ryan) Report of 1921 (Section 1, paragraph 30) :—" This Report was submitted to the Lord President of the Privy Council of England, who communicated it in September, 1918, to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. It was considered successively by three Chief Secretaries, and, finally, by one of these, the Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture for Ireland was requested to appoint a Sub-

Committee to examine the agricultural proposals made in the Peat Committee's Scheme. The Sub-Committee on Agricultural Matters was appointed on March 19th, 1920, held two meetings in all, and reported on the 26th of the following month. This report is of importance in so far as it forms the ostensible reason for the treatment by the British Government of the Peat Committee's recommendations in 1920, in the same way as its predecessor did those of the Bogs Commissioners in 1814." (Section 1, paragraph 35). "The Peat Committee recommended the purchase by the State of a large bog of 10,000 acres as near Dublin as possible. They were of opinion that the bog could be obtained at a price of about £2 per acre. The Sub-Committee stated that they were not aware of the existence of an unbroken stretch of 10,000 acres in the Bog of Allen, and that, assuming it to exist, it could not be purchased for less than £10 per acre. If they had consulted the maps of the Bogs Commissioners they would have seen that Lullymore Bog forms an unbroken stretch of 16,247 acres. Near it and also in the Bog of Allen are Clane (2,234 acres), Mouds (5,070 acres), and Timahoe (12,878 acres), the whole forming only a slightly broken stretch (in the Bog of Allen) of 36,430 acres of bog, averaging 24 feet in depth, and capable of yielding a quantity of turf equivalent to 70,000,000 tons of coal." (Section 1, paragraph 36)—"The Committee had no doubt that 10,000 acres of such bog would be acquired for £20,000. The price of a large bog area is in no way governed by the variable price of turbarry. In one case, indeed, 97 acres of bog were purchased at the rate of £15 per acre. Such a rate is, however, quite abnormal. In other cases bogs over 700 acres in extent were purchased, even in the Bog of Allen, at considerably less than £2 an acre; and, finally, since 1900, more than 70,000 acres of bog have been purchased at an average price of about 15 shillings per acre. It is difficult to understand how a Sub-Committee which might have access to these figures could state that they were of opinion that a large bog of 10,000 acres, if it existed at all in the Bog of Allen, could not be purchased for less than £10 per acre." (Section 1, paragraph 37)—"The result of this unfavourable and largely unjustifiable report of a Sub-Committee, appointed by the Department of Agriculture for Ireland, was that the main scheme for the experiments of peat-winning was abandoned, although this scheme was approved by the Fuel Research Board, and although that Board was willing to expend £54,000 in realization."

Apart from the deplorable, almost unbelievable inaccuracy of the Report of the Sub-Committee on Agricultural Matters, it would seem that they did not realise that it is necessary in a large Peat Scheme to have an Auxiliary Reclamation or Agricultural Scheme; see (Section 1, Paragraph 26)—“The Committee attached importance to the reclamation work, not because they had no doubt as to the success of the reclamation work, but because they saw in it a means of fostering the formation of hamlets by which their main labour difficulty—casual labour in the drying operations of the late summer would be met.” To add some necessary figures, and to summarise what goes before, it would appear—

1. That there exists in Ireland a deposit of peat inexhaustible for very many years, one-seventh of the country being covered therewith.
2. That from the heat point of view we are already burning as much peat as coal.
3. That the price of macerated “Standard Peat,” *i.e.*, peat containing 25 per cent. of water, stacked on the Canal Bank, about 75 miles west of Dublin, is well under 10s. per ton.
4. That such macerated peat can be delivered in Dublin at 30s. per ton.

(This shows the enormous importance of improving our transport.)

Finally that though skilful Commissions have sat in 1814, 1917 and 1921, no official action whatsoever has been taken. This inaction in the case of the 1917 Report can only be attributed to the hopeless inaccuracy of the Report of the Sub-Committee above referred to, and criticised by the Ryan Report of 1921.

The position as I see it now amounts to this, the laboratory stage of experiment has been passed and a commercial experiment has been made, which proves beyond doubt that *given sufficient support*, a fuel competitive with English coal could be produced economically in this country. But this economical production is the crux of the whole business. It is quite plain that nothing short of a production of 10,000 tons per annum delivered in Dublin at 30s. per ton, or its corresponding prices elsewhere, can stand up, bearing in mind overhead charges, and that to enable a private enterprise to continue such a production, such a production

and prices would have to be guaranteed over a period of, say, ten years. Alternatively, I have put up the suggestion (not my own) of a very small tariff on imported coal, say, 3d. per ton on more than 2,000,000 tons of imported coal into the Free State per annum, amounting to over £25,000 per annum. Such a sum, *if definitely ear-marked* for the purpose of Peat Development, would undoubtedly go a very long way to stabilize this most important industry. The sum of money involved is quite trivial compared with recent ambitious schemes, notably the Shannon Scheme and the Carlow Beet Sugar Scheme. Both these schemes have been subject to very severe criticism, which has not been satisfactorily met. Both these schemes have been the means of exporting large quantities of Irish money to the Continent. Contrasted with these schemes, a modest form of protection or subsidy in the case of peat would result in the creation of a really Irish industry of the very greatest importance. Such an industry would be a guarantee against this country being held up as it was late last year by the English Coal Strike, to the utter discomfort of the inhabitants, particularly of the 22,000 occupants of single-roomed tenements, each of these tenements averaging about 5.5 people per room. It really does seem that the next time we are going to embark on an expenditure of over £5,000,000, it would be better not to put all our eggs in one basket. As I pointed out elsewhere, it would make an extremely interesting competition in a newspaper to find out how various individuals would recommend the expenditure of £5,000,000 of public funds to be made. My own shot at it would have been something like this :—

£1,000,000 for reasonable development of the Shannon.
£1,200,000 for the development of the Liffey Water Power.
£1,000,000 for Dublin Housing.
£1,000,000 for the development of Irish Peat.
The balance for Drainage.

It is obvious that no two people would agree ; but I venture to suggest that such an expenditure would have a much more reasonable chance of success than the policy so far adopted.

(N.B.—We are *now* committed to about £8,000,000 *re* the Shannon.)

I prefaced these remarks with a quotation from a collection

of papers communicated to the Royal Society about 1726, and with a few other quotations from the same source I will end.

“ The bogs are a great destruction to cattle, the chief commodity of Ireland, in the spring time when the cattle are weak and hungry, the edges of the bogs have commonly grass, and the cattle venturing in to get it, fall into pits or sloughs, and are either drowned, or (if they are found) are spolt in the pulling out.” “ They are the shelter and refuge of tories and thieves, who can hardly live without them. The smell and vapours that are from bogs, are accounted very unwholesome, and the fogs that rise from them are commonly putrid and stinking.” “ The natives heretofore had nevertheless some advantage by the woods and bogs, by them they were preserved from the conquest of the English, and I believe it is a little remembrance of this, makes them still build near bogs, it was an advantage then to them to have their country unpassable, and the fewer strangers came near them, they lived the easier, for they had no inns, every house where you came was your inn, and you said no more, but put off your brogues and sat down by the fire.”

“ An Act of Parliament should be made such as was for the building of London, that those who did not in such a time make some progress in draining their bogs, should part with them to those that would.”

Note.—I find that in all the above I have made no reference to the most important questions of Agriculture, Drainage, and Bye-Products, but to do so would add to an article, already much too long.

Dublin Civic Week, 1927

It is strange that cities, like people, have a personality and individuality of their own. Some seem to regard us in a cold, almost suspicious, way. Others are friendly. They embrace us, and immediately make us sensible of their charm. If we try to examine what it is in them which appeals to us, we are at a loss to explain, and, of course, we do not think of looking for an explanation. We do not, as a rule, pause to dissect the characters of our friends and acquaintances. In a vague way we are aware of their vices and virtues, of their idiosyncrasies, of their upbringing and general environment and realise the innumerable forces which have combined to form a character which we either admire or dislike.

In the same way we do not try to explain the general impression which a city gives us which either attracts or repels us. We are dimly conscious of its many activities, its past history, its present pursuits, and understand that all these have helped to form its character. Full comprehension only comes, however, when an occasion like a Civic Week comes along, and we have an opportunity of seeing all these forces at work together.

Other cities have realized the importance of bringing before the eyes of the world their numerous attractions and activities—with very great success; and it is welcome news to find that Dublin is following their example. Dublin is a city which appeals to everyone. It has a charm of its own unlike the charm of any other city, and the more one knows it, the more one likes it. An effort will be made during Civic Week to find out what constitutes this charm. We shall see what has gone to make this city. We shall see something of her many-sided life. We shall see what she has produced, and we may be able to form an idea of what she is capable of producing in the future.

This one week, September 17-25, will be a memorable week. Differences of creed, party dissensions, petty squabbles—all will be forgotten. Dubliners can meet on a common ground—Dublin, and all parts of the community will co-operate to show her at her best.

We do not want, however, to keep all our glories to ourselves, so every facility will be provided to draw people from the provinces. The Railway Companies have kindly arranged to run excursions from all parts of Ireland to Dublin during that week

so that all will have an opportunity of seeing us en fête, and the sight may perhaps encourage others to follow our example in their own cities.

Since, to arrive at a thorough appreciation of the present, some knowledge of the past is necessary, all who are in Dublin during that week will be able to get an idea in the most attractive way possible of the history of Dublin. By means of a historical pageant we shall lose ourselves in the past, and see what the earlier inhabitants of this city were like and follow them from very early times till the eighteenth century, whilst tableaux representing isolated incidents will recall to our minds the chief events in our history. In this way the past will live again, and stories, long since forgotten, will become real, and places, dull enough perhaps in everyday life will take on a new glamour on account of their associations. We will try to forget the shops and busy stir of life in Rathmines and see it once more a forest resounding with the clang of battle. We will ignore the fact that there are things about Clontarf which we do not like, and think of it only as the place where a great man fell. For a little while we shall see Dublin with different eyes, and the memory of it will linger long after the pageant is over.

Should we wish to concern ourselves with the present, all the inner workings of the city will be on view. Arrangements will be made to conduct parties over the chief Municipal Departments so that we may be led to take a greater interest in our municipal activities. An industrial pageant will show us the commercial life of the city. The arts will combine to give us of their best. An exhibition of pictures will be held in which paintings by all the leading Dublin artists will be found. We shall have a special musical programme, consisting of orchestral, chamber, choral, solo, vocal and solo instrumental music.

Lectures on literary subjects and tours to places of literary interest will bring home to us very fully that Dublin holds no mean place in the world of literature.

Altogether, when the week is over, we shall be surprised to find out how much we have learnt about Dublin, and in the light of this greater knowledge we shall regard her with greater affection and appreciation, and try to keep up the high standard which will be placed before us during this week.

Book Reviews

CASHEL OF THE KINGS. By the Rev. John Gleeson, P.P. (Dublin : Duffy & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

This book is, in itself, strong evidence of the persistence in the Irish race, of the *gradh* for research among ancient chronicles, and for the bringing together of scattered records into fuller and later chronicles. The old Books of Ballymote, Lecan, Leinster and of the Dun Cow were, in this way, the means of giving to later times portions, at any rate, of older books that have since disappeared. They were to be seen then, and consulted by those who could read ; why copy from them ? Many thinking people have long ago ruled out one of the popular deities of mid-Victorian days—*Blind Chance*, created by men in their own image—and find in his place, stretching from one eternity to another, a Plan working according to Law. For the ultimate benefit of all, one generation hands on to the next the knowledge it has itself received, and, naturally, it is by selected individual men the work is done. So the urge to preserve and hand down is acted on by those who receive it, and materials are from century to century collected for the use of the future.

Cashel has been in the past one of the spiritual centres of action in this country, and Father Gleeson has made good his opportunity and laid up a good store of material in this volume that previously had been scattered. He was born in Ormond, educated in Thomond, and lived his life in close relations with Desmond and the Decies. The history of Cashel is largely the history of Munster, the City of the Rock being its most active centre.

Much labour and patience and knowledge have been put into the making of this chronicle of the Kings and Archbishops of Cashel, even though, as O'Curry has stated, the story of the province of Munster is already ready-made, thanks to the Munster historians, whose labours were availed of by O'Halloran, Keating and MacGeoghegan.

But the historian must needs be more than a chronicler ; it is his work to select and sift and arrange the chronicler's material. A modern authority, Professor Innes, sets out the duties of the historian as being

to ascertain and accumulate facts ;
to co-ordinate and relate them in true perspective ;
to indicate and test the generalisations which may be inferred ;

as well as to present his work so that it will appeal to the imagination of the student. He distinguishes between the chronicler and the historian as follows :—

History in the literary sense came actually into being when men began to concern themselves not merely with recording contemporary events, but also with comparing and co-ordinating, however uncritically, such records as had survived from the past. . . .

In the above sense the present work is more properly a collection of chronicles. In his enthusiasm to include everything that he has collected, the author has somewhat obscured the perspective at times, by developing side-issues into features, so tending to obscure the direction of the narrative and divert the mind of the reader from the sequence he is keeping. This does not reflect on the value of Father Gleeson's work, which is not his first contribution to a most important part of the literature of our country. His *History of the Ely O'Carroll Territory* has been availed of by many a student, and doubtless so will

be *Cashel of the Kings*, and he will be rewarded in his work. In a future edition, it would enhance the value of it if pages dealing with Irish kings, their dress, orders, election, the orders of knights, and other matters of wider national significance were dealt with as Addenda. Some of the smaller references would be more prominent and more useful as footnotes.

There is one omission, however, that must be deplored in the interests of all who will be anxious to use Father Gleeson's book as a work of reference—there is no Index, and surely this is much to be regretted in a work dealing with so important a part of the national history.

The work is divided into sections dealing with the Kings of Cashel from the 4th to the 12th century—the succession of Bishops and Archbishops from St. Ailbe to the present day, and notices of the principal abbeys around Cashel for many miles, and items of local history down to the 19th century. A very detailed List of Contents is given, which to a small extent redeems the want of an Index; but there is a curious wrong description of a photograph of the Shrine of St. Lactan's Arm as the *Arms of St. Lactan*. Many readers would have liked a word from the author, as conclusion, in place of the extract from *With Essex in Ireland* with which the volume ends.

Messrs. Duffy & Co., the publishers, are to be congratulated on the manner in which they have presented Father Gleeson's work. A. K.

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THE LIFE OF TIM HEALY. By Liam O'Flaherty. (London: Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d. net.).

Mr. O'Flaherty would have done better work if he had given us an entirely impressionist sketch of his subject, and omitted his effort to reconstruct a definite outline of the political history of Ireland during the last fifty years or so. The quotations in this book—and there are many of them—don't blend with the text; and this incongruity gives it the feeling of patchy and ill-constructed work. When he decided to write this *Life*, it was, he tells us, in response to the imp in Tim Healy calling to the imp in himself. But unfortunately the authentic cry was lost as Mr. O'Flaherty waded through the formidable list of the books which he consulted. Flying traces of the impishness, however, survive here and there, and for these the book is worth reading, if not worth buying. When Mr. O'Flaherty steps out of his impishness and tries to become serious, the reader must pause and gasp with astonishment, his view of life is so crude, immature, uninformed. He calls it himself the materialistic outlook on life, which is, of course, the same thing, because it is the philosophy of people who live in some tiny corner of a brain cell where they think reason dwells, and ignore the pulsating life of the millions of other cells of which the body is composed. This attitude makes Mr. O'Flaherty, like others of the same class, terribly cocksure about everything. And he is even convincingly and persuasively cocksure, with the infectious merriment of a truant schoolboy, that he has in no wise accomplished in this *Life* what he set out to do. There is no reason discernible why Mr. O'Flaherty should have written this book, or why he should even have wanted to write it, unless it be that he thought it was good for him to tackle some such job as a recreation from novel writing. Certainly, if it were his first book, I imagine he would be hard set to find a publisher. The continuous accounts of

political campaigns it contains link it, in my mind, with the dreadful series of so-called Irish historical works I waded through in the enquiring days of my youth.

Mr. O'Flaherty refers somewhere in its course to the old adage which tells us that a people always gets just exactly the sort of government it deserves ; and it comes to me as a sort of relief to think that possibly in this instance Tim Healy has got, in like manner, the sort of biographer his life has earned for him. I cannot say for certain, because there is something inscrutable about the personality of Tim, and Mr. O'Flaherty has been so busy with superficialities in his "Life" that he has forgotten altogether that Tim, like every other human being has his hidden and unassailable fortress of secrecy. And if Mr. O'Flaherty could only take a quiet moment to think, it might come to him that his failure to explain how Tim Healy has come to be Governor-General of the Irish Free State is a death-blow to the philosophy which he imagines he holds. If life is really a simple affair of being prosperous and therefore happy, as Mr. O'Flaherty thinks, he should be able to elucidate his subject on these lines. But he confesses that he has explained nothing, even to himself. The whole thing is still wrapped in mystery, and his work is defeated of its achievement. And yet Mr. O'Flaherty allowed his cheerful and shallow optimisms, mingled with a little cynical insight, to go into print, and is as self-complacent and buoyant about it all as if he had really done what he set out to do.

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BEETHOVEN : THE MAN. By André de Hevesey. Trans. by F. S. Flint. (London : Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.)

Beethoven the Master and Beethoven the Man. The Master remains in his work ; the chattels of the Man are, some of them, preserved—the dead relics of a dead, if great, personality.

We read at the end of M. Hevesy's narrative :—

A few weeks later Beethoven's belongings were sold by auction and scattered. The music publishers divided his papers, the secondhand dealers carried away his things.

Among the articles named in the inventory are :—

An oval ring with emerald, brilliants and rose diamonds	...	90 fl.
1 silver watch with minute hand	...	8 fl.
1 mahogany piano by John Broadwood & Sons, of London	...	100 fl.
Music based on the auction list	...	480 fl. 30.
44 Lots of books	...	45 fl. 50.
Total value		...

The ring and the books alone had retained their full import to the Master for the last fourteen years of his life—Sound was not. In this biography, translated from the original French with evident faithfulness and skill by F. S. Flint, the author has kept himself within the limits he set, that of the personal side of the great man—he has introduced letters and extracts from letters, written by and to Beethoven, with the object of inducing the reader to study some of the larger and more complete biographies that have been published. In a bibliographical note at the end of the work, he gives full details of the more important 'Lives' and collections of letters that may be consulted, remarking that in order to understand Beethoven's Life, his correspondence should be studied first of all. There is also a useful reference to Beethoven bibliographies.

M. Hevesy has painted in delicate tones the varied phases of the composer's life, and is always the sympathetic biographer. It is for the reader to consider, when he reads of the want of control that Beethoven showed at times, how great were the forces pouring through the soul of the Master, into the mind and throughout the personality of the Man. It may then be realised that where an unguarded door existed, it was always liable to be burst open by the Niagara-like flood of energy that animated him. The man who is endowed with a power of soaring flight, superior in a degree to that of most of his fellows, may be dragged down and plunged from his height with a suddenness and to a depth unknown to those who never soar, but live an uneventful existence. The conditions under which Beethoven staggered at times have, surely, rarely been equalled in the history of the world's great men. We are to consider that this Soul, incarnated for the purpose of creating wonder-forms among men out of the realm of Sound, the Invisible, was early deprived of the use of that sense developed for the perception of the element which he was to use. The gradually increasing deafness which overtook him became absolute, and his last public performance was given fourteen years before his death; he, thereafter, conversed mainly by the help of sheets of paper sewn together, of which booklets, about 400 remained among his belongings. The incredible lot of a Master of Sound—a winged seraph wrapped around with the bandages of an entombed mummy, was Beethoven's.

And yet, what really matters to the world is the genius of the composer, not the personality of the man. The height to which he attained, that is for us to look up to; the path of thorns he trod was for him, and it was trodden to the last moment. We can indeed learn from these pages something of the way in which a great personality fights its way through all difficulties, but it must not hinder us from an impersonal attitude towards the Master, if the soul is to receive his message unhindered by the chatter of the brain-mind.

The sixteen illustrations, from contemporary portraits and engravings, are reproduced with great delicacy of tone, and the publishers, Messrs. Faber & Gwyer, have added yet another example of refinement and elegant printing to the world of books.

ARTHUR KELLS.

* * * *

THE JEW SUSS. A Historical Romance. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (Secker, 10s.)

The Jew Süss has been rightly treated by the English critics as a masterpiece. It has been well compared with *The Cloister on the Hearth* and *The Brook Kerith*. It is an astonishing work, and one of the finest historical romances of recent years.

One would like to know if the book was as well received in the country of its origin, Germany, as it has been abroad. Würtemberg in the middle of the eighteenth century is an obscure subject for us here. But since the book is named a historical romance—presumably there was such a duke as Karl Alexander, and presumably the duke had a minister on whom Herr Feuchtwanger has modelled his wonderful "Jew." Surely some good royalists in Germany must have raised, on the appearance of this book, a clamour similar to that which in England greeted a recent description of the late Mr. Gladstone. Herr Feuchtwanger's portrait of Karl Alexander is an amazing description of sheer animalism.

Süss is amoral in a different way. He is a brilliant and handsome creature, a king among lovers, a master of politics and of finance, a leader of fashion and

taste. The first portion of the narrative describes his domination of the duchy, which is made to seem inevitable. Is it Herr Feuchtwanger's object to vindicate the intelligence and taste of the Jew against the Christian stupidity of German mob and German court? Hardly that, since it turns out that Suss was not in fact a Jew. Suss learns of his Christian and noble German parentage at the time of the crisis of his fortunes. It is then that he begins—ever so slightly at first—to think and act differently, and then, too, that we see him as one destined for a kind of martyrdom. For it is only when he knows that he is no Jew that he begins to feel with the Jews, and to express a Jewish mysticism and idealism. He might escape the vengeance and the disgraceful death which are to come upon him were he to disclose his parentage; but he refuses to do it. This is the paradox of the book. It is a paradox that is not obtruded, for Herr Feuchtwanger is a great artist, with a gift of simple and massive construction which never fails him.

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THE RIVER FLOWS. BY F. L. Lucas. (London: Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

Expresses well some of the emotions of academic adolescence. The author has given art form to the "human document." He has kept the instantaneous life that belongs to the diary, while avoiding its dangers of dullness and triviality. It is an admirable technique that has caught here, something of the "Barbellion" poignancy into a contour of plot and action. The very date-headings have lost their signpost quality as one meets them on this breathless psychological road, and appear to the eye as terribly significant as omens. The characterization of the three or four people in the book is slight. The woman scarcely emerges. Just enough is conveyed to make us dislike them all and to give fervour to our hope that we may never meet them. In the strange mirror of the hero's mind—a mirror polished indeed with good classical pumice—these characters appear as dwarfish figures, galvanized with a waspish subjectivity; manikins animated with a sort of intensity of pettiness—yet the world we glimpse reflected about them is full of Grecian amplitude and light.

M. S.

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CRAZY PAVEMENTS. By Beverley Nichols. (London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Crazy Pavements is an easily told tale of that portion of London society whose occupation and recreation is the pursuit of vice. And whether from timidity or lack of experience, Mr. Beverley Nichols in no wise tells the full story. But he tells enough to make his book distasteful to any sensitive mind. Its great fault from a literary standpoint is that it lacks the zest so easily obtainable by Mr. Michael Arden, Mr. Noel Coward, and Miss Anita Loos. One cannot tell from these writers whether they approve or disapprove of the undesirable things they tell. They set down good and bad alike with equal relish and gusto.

In Mr. Nichols' case it is quite evident that he has no real sympathy with the indecencies and follies he relates, and this disturbs the poise of his writing. He would have done better work had he excluded his personal preferences entirely. But one feels that he uses things to make a saleable story which in his heart he abominates. Thus he never attains the easy artificiality of Oscar Wilde or the natural naughtiness of the old comedians. Some puritanical strain in him, that he could not quell, has marred the iridescence of his bubble. This is all to Mr.

Nichols' credit as a man, to his debit as an artist. Of course he is very young, and has already capitalized his literary assets with amazing astuteness. And he may get sense, and grow dull, and save his soul as he matures. But if he really wants to succeed in the class of writing to which *Crazy Pavements* belongs, he will have to repress sternly his instinctive inclination for a natural, sober, sane and healthy life. I hope he will not do so.

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OSCAR STROM. By P. Whitehouse. (London : Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.)

I know not but that this may be the pot-boiler of one who has seen better days. It is well anyhow to encourage such charitable fancies, and the writing seems at times a little too good for the nonsensical farrago it conveys. Also there is a tone of slightly fantastic incoherence about the thing which, while in no way detracting from its general worthlessness, spoils it for a "best-seller." More in the nature of feeble nightmare, than of efficient cinema-drama. Reads, in fact, like the last almost dignified complaint of a ruined digestion.

C. M.

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FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS. By Constance Sitwell. (Cape. 5s. net.)

Only he who has travelled in the countries of the mind is capable of understanding those of the earth. This is why interesting travel books are as rare as the personalities who wrote *The Sentimental Journey* and *The Reisebilder*. I think that neither Sterne nor Heine would cavil at Mrs. Sitwell as a fellow traveller. Her desultory journal of a sojourn in India and on the borders of Persia reflects a temperament of infinite charm and of that peculiarly "feminine" sensibility which I have only detected hitherto in women painters such as Berthe Morisot and Marie Laurencin. Like them, Mrs. Sitwell is an impressionist, and her power over prose is such that her book remains with one as a series of unforgettable pictures. This, of a town on the borders of Afghanistan, is typical :—

"Covered over for the sake of shade, the streets are rather dark, but how they glow with colour ! In this season before all the shops, instead of tulips, there are jars of tightly bunched pink roses—the chill pink rose of Persia."

One could quote so much.

But vivid as are the descriptions of the elephant drive, the Himalayan forest and the derelict city, there is something deeper here than mere sensuous vision. It is evident that the author is a mystic and has a temperamental sympathy with the countries and people she describes. For her as for the Emperor Akbar, "the world is a bridge" and its visible transient aspects of beauty and pain but manifestations of a deeper reality.

Like many another sensitive traveller, on her return home she feels her journey lie behind her like a dream, as incoherent and impermanent, yet with her rare spiritual awareness she makes her diary end with a profound truth :—

"I shall find them again," I said to myself, "the flowers and jungles and innocent huge beasts. I shall find them where the pattern of these things eternally dwells."

M. S. P.

COLLECTED POEMS (1909-1925). By Edward Shanks. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

Sixteen years of honest poetic toil are here represented. Mr. Shanks divides his opus into six books with appropriate titles, of which the first two are as derivative as most juvenilia, the models in this case being the Elizabethans and A. E. Housman :—

" The wind is cold and heavy,
And storms are in the sky,
Our path across the heather
Goes higher and more high."

This speaks for itself. Such unconscious plagiarism is only justifiable if through it the poet finds his own personality. Yet in Books 3 and 4, containing verses contemporary with "The Queen of China," which won the Hawthornden Prize in 1919, written presumably when the author was at the height of his powers, we find that the longest poem, "The Fireless Town," is quite indistinguishable from one of the drowsy narratives of "The Earthly Paradise," and that "The Pastoral" and "Pursuit of Daphne," though they are technically competent and have some good passages, are thin echoes of Keats and Wilde.

Where then do we find the essential quality of our poet? Perhaps in "The Storm" :—

" We wake to hear the storm come down
Sudden on roof and pane;
The thunder's loud and the hasty wind
Hurries the beating rain.

The rain slackens, the wind blows gently,
The gust grows gentle and stills,
And the thunder, like a breaking stick
Stumbles about the hills."

This, though not great, has an inevitability which is rare in the verse of this period, too often pedestrian and ineffectual. Although the observation of nature is careful and sincere, there is a noticeable absence of the power in which our own Ledwidge was so rich, that of translating such a vision into a work of art, rather than a Royal Academy painting.

I confess it is the later Mr. Shanks which interests me most. "Meditations and Invocations" are poems of depth and reality. They are pervaded by a new mood of questioning and discontent, combined with a passionate regret for vanishing youth :—

" Thus in the middle of her season
Sometimes the flowering may doth fade.
Who knoweth by what inner treason
Her rich adornment is betrayed?
Now as the blossom from the tree
So falls my old content from me."

The Sonnet sequence called "The Complaints," although it has a certain roughness of structure, not unwelcome after so much facile but uninspired technique, epitomises in a convincing way what many a poet must feel when middle

age strips his days of magic and, deprived of his leisure, he is forced by life into unwilling slavery :—

" I am sick of devices and of policies,
Of the restless nerves, of the itches, aches and strains,
And the tiresome long pursuit that balances
My sluggish brain against their stupid brains.
Oh, under beauty's whip I still can run
And match my pace against another's pace.
I only ask a little air and the sun
Falling in warmth upon my upward face . . . "

This has a definitely individual flavour.

" A Dialogue," presumably between the poet as he is now and as he was, ends with the following beautiful lines :—

" Why should I hope (since hope is also a cheat)
Ever to find again that tangled way
I followed hither from eternity?
Still through the waste of dark and whirling time,
Through shadowed years and sombre centuries,
My spirit goes, like a lost child in a wood,
Crying for home amid the unfriendly boughs,
And straying further from the invisible road."

Let us hope that these last poems are an indication of a new and significant phase.

M. S. P.

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STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS. By James Branch Cabell. (London : John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Cabell gives us in this book his ideas about the literary artist, in a frank, entertaining and often illuminating fashion. His method is mainly American. He is entirely devoid of any notions of reverence, such as still occasionally linger about the older civilizations. Unconventionality is his sabre. And he flashes it, always brightly, sometimes dangerously, but never with any malign intent. In one respect he is entirely non-American. And that is his total rejection of that terrible thing, academic seriousness in literary matters, that flourishes so hugely there. His chief theme is, "The literary artist plays : and the sole end of his endeavour is to divert himself." And it is a right good basis on which to build speculations about literature. Of course it is not complete ; but it embodies an unassailable truth. Literature is not life. And any activity concerned with anything other than life must fall into the relative category of play. And yet the child takes play seriously. And there is high warrant for admitting the spiritual integrity of the childlike outlook. It may be that Mr. Cabell strikes deeper than seems on the surface of his delightful book. For myself, I demand more ruthless powers from literature. I want it to be always tearing at the roots of things. And yet, the child at play ! This calls me to halt. And Mr. Cabell persuades me that he has hit upon a fundamental idea, though I don't see that there is a shred of it really exemplified or made a living theme in his book. He is delightfully quaint and freakish. But he is too sophisticated. He has rejected the American Professor of Literature outwardly only. He can't quite eliminate him from his vitals.

THE LION AND THE FOX. By Wyndham Lewis. (Grant, Richards, Ltd. 16s.)

Mr. Wyndham Lewis' most characteristic quality as a writer is the profusion of his ideas, also he is a man who expresses himself shortly, so that he at all times compels interest, even though he must often make most of his readers feel pugilistic. *The Lion and the Fox* is on the whole more provocative of thought than it is convincing. Then, it lacks unity; it is really a series of more or less connected essays through which one has to trace the lines of Mr. Lewis' main purposes.

The ostensible object of *The Lion and the Fox* is to show the human personality of Shakespeare behind the mask of his "divine impersonality." As Mr. Lewis points out, impersonality, for an artist, would be undesirable, even if it were possible. But in Shakespeare's mind there was equilibrium, "owing to the matching of opposing forces." Mr. Lewis thinks that the key to a better understanding of Shakespeare lies in this; that "the master subject of Shakespeare's plays has its origin in the Machiavellian obsession of his time, or rather that is the form the deeper conflict takes"; and this book is intended to be "a hunt in the mind of Shakespeare, as exhibited by his plays, for the two symbolical animals, the lion and the fox, used by Machiavelli in the composition of his perfect human being."

Parts I. and II. of the book establish the historical background. Mr. Lewis emphasizes the fact that the Italians gave its art, manners and ideas of life to the brilliant period of centralized government; that they were men of science as well as artists, and that their application of the scientific intelligence to politics, business, art and letters, meant that a new general outlook superseded the mediaeval one.

The meeting of Elizabethan England with the late Renaissance Italy, says Mr. Lewis, produced the Elizabethan drama. The general reaction of England to Machiavelli was a horrified interest. His name came to be regarded almost as a synonym for the Evil One; by 1609 it was being used as a common noun.

Part III. deals with the king or hero in Shakespeare's plays; the choice of the eminent for tragedy; the idea of the semi-divinity of royalty, with its lonely and often dangerous implications, the symbolism of state for which his majesty often had to suffer in the Middle Ages. With Part IV. the essay begins to concern itself directly with the text of Shakespeare, the character of whose genius, Mr. Lewis says, was responsive, not active. The tragic art is, according to Mr. Lewis, the enemy of human energy and success. Shakespeare's characters in misfortune are Shakespeare himself, and at the bottom of Shakespeare's mind Mr. Lewis sees nothing but negation and criticism of life itself.

Mr. Lewis writes of the lion and the fox (chivalry and the new science) in Cervantes, and comes to the conclusion that while Cervantes loved his lunatic knight, Shakespeare had no illusions on the subject of chivalry. Falstaff is compared to Sancho Panza and receives no quarter. Coriolanus is for Mr. Lewis a "cheerless and unattractive snob." The study of Othello is interesting, though one may perhaps be a little startled at the identification of Iago with the man in the street.

Finally, in the Appendix, Mr. Lewis writes of the "Celtic myth," and deprecates any attempt to explain away Shakespeare's genius by race.

The book contains a good deal of thought-provoking material, much that is undeniably true though usually neglected, and many statements which one may well dispute. E. G. K.

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FRANCIS THOMPSON. By R. L. Mégroz. (Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d. net.)

If we cannot always follow Mr. Mégroz in his critical flights after Thompson, rocketting starwards, we do at least feel that he has written the most profound study of the poet yet produced. He has brought to his subject that fine and discriminating enthusiasm which is always the basis of the best criticism. He is able to follow the beating of the poet's wings in the stellar spaces, and brings light and guidance to us who, standing on a lower plane, are overwhelmed by the majesty and grandeur of the song.

"Sublimity" was the word applied by Lionel Johnson to Francis Thompson's poetry, and there is something of finality in the term, for no other word will do. He was the only poet of his time who was never afraid of attempting an eagle-flight into the illimitable spaces, the "sovereign poet," who, in William Watson's words,

"Sits above the clang and dust of time . . .
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb."

Thompson redeemed the poetry of his time from the besetting sin of "preciousness," and in an age of decadence wrote a religious poem of the first magnitude. The amazing thing is that in spite of the vicissitudes of a life vexed and warped by poverty, beggary and opium, he remained to the end entirely unsullied by the decadence which has forever given an unsavoury label to the school of the 'nineties. Critically considered, there is indeed decadence enough. On every hand there are Latinisms and archaisms, and his verse is as much overweighted as was Dr. Johnson's prose. But Mr. Mégroz, whilst admitting that imperfections are as numerous as they have been in the work of most great poets, puts up a sturdy defence:—

"It is now fairly well established that, although some crass remarks were made by contemporary reviewers of Thompson about his murder of the language, the great majority of his unusual words were not neologisms; many were not even archaisms, while the archaisms had the warranty of earlier poetic employment, especially by the Elizabethans. . . . Most of his neologisms are mild and useful innovations; the strangest words are nearly all in Shakespeare, who, by the way, used nearly as big a proportion of Latinisms as Thompson."

This is, of course, largely true, but whilst we agree with the critic that it was all the outcome of a mind which was "adventurously creative," yet we feel that some of the poet's adventures into the remoter realms of diction were not always so happy as others.

The profundity of Mr. Mégroz's work may be gauged from the fact that it includes studies of the literature of Bedouin and Spanish romance and the spiri-

tualizing of love poetry in the Middle Ages through the advent of Christianity. The "sources" and "influences" are fully dwelt upon, and we get a detailed and critical estimate of the relations between Thompson and such poets and mystics as Crashaw, Donne, Coventry Patmore, Shelley, St. Augustine and St. Teresa. Though one may not agree with the writer in all his conclusions, and if at times we feel that he is trying to read more in certain poems than the poet himself knew to be there, yet we close the book with a feeling that we have been brought nearer to the "inwardness" of Francis Thompson's genius by a critic whose heart is in perfect tune with the rhythm of the poet's song.

M. J. M.

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A JAPANESE DON JUAN. By John Paris. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

These verses are up to the popular press standard of slick sentimentality. It is difficult to understand why blank verse, unredeemed by any rhythmical variety, has been used in the longer poems, as both the story of "A Japanese Don Juan" and "A Case for the Defence" emerge coherently and might have been tolerable in prose.

The Ballades and Sonnets demonstrate admirably how empty and futile are these rigid verse forms from any but inspired pens.

C. C.

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THE JADED HERO. By Douglas Garman. (London: Wishart & Co. 5s. net.)

Through traces of the influence of contemporary writers Mr. Garman's poetic individuality stands out. He has undoubtedly atmosphere. Though I may not clearly grasp the essence of a given poem, I feel the psychic surge out of which it came. This is an elusive perception and cannot be pinned down. A poet's mood crystallizes into words, and the bare look of the printed words sometimes flashes back an echo of this mood. In Mr. Garman's poems I felt that some breath blows, over and above the mere content of his words, though not infrequently Mr. Garman himself does his utmost to stop its passage. I pass by a trivial thing like "A Lunar Confidence," which only too plainly proclaims its imitative origin. And I could wish that there was not so much of a similar influence in the title poem. When Mr. Garman has the courage to be what he probably calls commonplace and ordinary, as in the poem entitled "October," he will be getting nearer his laurels. There is a touch of Mrs. Hemans in this, and every poet has written in a similar sentimental strain. And yet the ineffable can touch even sentiment—which is a good word, debased in current usage. Great poetry should be broad and obvious. Mr. Garman has little endowment of either quality. He has a zither-like aspiration that yearns hauntingly for expression. And he treats it with the knock-out blows of an unfledged realism. But I feel certain he will eventually come to his kingdom, welding conception and expression into a mutually supporting and illuminating whole.

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CATCHWORDS AND CLAPTRAP. By Rose Macaulay. (Hogarth Press. 2s.)

This pamphlet wittily exposes some of the more revolting social and political cant current in England to-day. Miss Macaulay deals with the associative value of words such as "cricket" and "Bolshevist," and explains how she never

understood the symbolism of the former until she heard a member of the Australian Team say over the wireless : "Cricket is an antidote to Bolshevism and degeneracy."

The use of enhaloed words such as "mother" and "babe" in political propaganda is interesting ; for example, the lady M.P. who addressed her opponents in the recent strike as "brass-faced baby-killers," which brought down the house !

The author's remarks on poetic catchwords are illuminating. Modern writers, she thinks, use less equivalents of the eighteenth century "lawns," "grots," and "nymphs," and the overworked shadowy subtleties of the 'nineties ; and in the best verse and prose of to-day one finds precision rather than vagueness. So things might be worse after all. C. C.

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EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY MAN. By Stephen Gwynn. (Thornton, Butterworth, Ltd. 21s.).

The ease and the attractiveness of Mr. Gwynn's style, combined with his interesting material, make his *Experiences of a Literary Man* very pleasant and absorbing reading. Nowadays there is a constant stream of fresh memoirs and autobiographies offered to the public, but few persons can be better fitted for the task of reminiscence-writing than Mr. Gwynn. The principal motifs of this book are his love of Ireland (which, however, expresses itself in a very different manner from the sentimentalizing practised by so many voluntary exiles from Erin !) and his love of letters. Mr. Gwynn writes with imagination, artistry, sympathy and humour. He does not rely on awakening interest by startling statements concerning famous people ; his estimates of his political enemies are void of malice. He writes objectively for the most part, autobiography is by no means an egotistical thing in his hands, indeed one would have liked to have heard more of Mr. Gwynn's intellectual experiences than he has seen fit to recount in this book

It has been said that one cannot be too careful in the choice of one's parents. Mr. Gwynn, apparently, was careful in his choice of a distinguished family—Irish kings among his ancestry, a hereditary love for literature, and inherited brains. Three of his brothers became Fellows of Trinity College. Mr. Gwynn's earliest years were spent in Donegal, which has been the key, he tells us, to all his subsequent study of Ireland. Since taking his first at Oxford, he has had a varied career ; he has been a schoolmaster, a journalist, a politician, a cicerone, a historian. But he has always been at heart a man of letters. Mr. Gwynn has interesting reminiscences of many famous men and women—Douglas Hyde, "Æ," W. B. Yeats, Lecky, E. V. Lucas, Maurice Hewlett, Walter Pater, Parnell, Stephen Phillips, and G. K. Chesterton—these are but a few of the names. He recalls the fact that he, as honorary secretary of the Irish Literary Society, had a hand in bringing the "Literary Theatre," which was the germ of the Irish National Players, to London for the first time. But to hear of "Ireland in London," as well as Dublin in the 'eighties, and London in the Boer War period, I refer you to the *Experiences of a Literary Man*.

In 1904 Mr. Gwynn, with his family, left London and settled in Ireland, and in the following year he made his entry into Irish politics by standing for

West Clare. With the thrills of his election for Galway in 1906 (he was afterwards greeted by a policeman at Westminster as "the gentleman they've been using all the sticks and stones about") the last chapter comes to an end.

The illustrations are an added charm to this most interesting book.

E. G. K.

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THE COMIC ARTIST. A Play in Three Acts. By Susan Glaspell and Norman Matson. (London : Ernest Benn, Ltd. 3s. 6d. and 5s. net.)

A most elaborate, highly-wrought and intricate psychological drama, over-weighted with a bewildering mass of motives. The characters seem to me to rack and torture themselves to find out who it is they really love—the people they are married to, or others—and don't succeed in the end. There is every sign of infinite care having been bestowed upon the fabric of this play. But when it gets going in one direction, the running is immediately counteracted by a sortie in the opposite direction, and all vitality is cancelled out. I have no doubt the authors could both write most illuminating essays on what they intended doing in this play. The characters are all interesting in themselves. But drama consists mainly of interaction between individuals, and the collisions here are nebulous and devoid of appreciable correlation. The play is full of cleverness and grasp of intellectual essences. The difficulty with the reader is to connect these subtle analyses with the different concrete human beings. They all seem equally befogged and mixed up in their emotions, and there is really no differentiation of sex, for both men and women speak in the same hysterical and morbid way.

And yet there is a depth of wisdom here in isolated speeches that astonishes one. Quotation is almost impossible, for the points hang so piercingly on the context. And yet, what about this?—

"Let the flames be the beautiful flames!

And at the last they leave—what they found.

That's one of the funny things—the funniest, maybe."

Such a passage throws a little gleam on what the authors mean by the title *The Comic Artist*.

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ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY. Ed. by Campbell Dodgson. (London : Dent. Vol. 13, No. 4. 5s ; 17s. 6d. yearly).

This number of Messrs. Dent's valuable and well-known handbook for the art collector is no whit behind any of its predecessors in interest and excellence of illustration.

A special announcement is made to all subscribers with regard to an alteration in the date of publication of all future issues :—

In order to comply with the English custom of issuing quarterly magazines every three months, *The Print Collector's Quarterly* will henceforth appear in the months of January, April, July and October.

There is a very fully illustrated article on the etchings of Donald Shaw MacLaughlin, by James Laver, who gives twelve examples of the work of this

strongly individual artist. In common with some other noted etchers, he commenced his career as a painter, but after three years had found the instrument best suited to his vision. Mr. Laver makes an interesting comparison of his work with that of Whistler, whose class of subjects strongly attracted him. Mr. Laver shows that he got the effect that he desired, but that it was a different effect to that looked for by Whistler. The reproductions are, as usual, excellent, and the selection well varied.

Another outstanding article is that of Major Thomas Sutton dealing with engraved maps of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It includes twelve examples of notable maps, four of which are by Ortelius (dating from 1572 to 1595), who commenced his career as a cartographer by collecting and colouring maps in the city of Antwerp. It is interesting to note that the first roads shown on English maps were on those of Middlesex and Herts, by John Norden (from 1548 to 1625-6). Speed's map of Sussex is reproduced. An article on Ploss van Amstel, with examples of his reproductions of seventeenth century Dutch masters, is also of interest. Although wonderful imitations of originals, they are also works of art in themselves and remarkable in the highest degree for the fact that they were made a century before the photographic process of reproduction was invented. The description of his ingenious process is fascinating, while the illustrations given, even in their reduced form, show the extraordinary versatility and ingenuity of van Amstel. A list of plates by Francis Dodd, with examples, and the Index to Volume 13 form the conclusion of this interesting number.

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MASTERS OF ETCHING (NO. 13) : JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. (London : The Studio. 5s. net.)

Following an intimate and appreciative foreword by a personal friend of Whistler's, Malcolm C. Salaman, there are in this album twelve reproductions of well-marked and representative periods of the work of the great master. We are reminded that, however the later etchers of genius may have explored the linear possibilities of cognate subjects, the romantic glamour upon a common street, and the mysterious poetry to be found in some darkened recess beyond a doorway, *it was the youthful Whistler who, seventy years ago, first found these motives for the modern etcher*, and extended the range of pictorial motive for the modern etching movement. He it was who solved many a problem of expressing light and colour and texture through the magic at the point of a needle. He is ranked with Rembrandt in his power for evoking multitudinous expressions of appreciation, but, even so, at the height of his activity, it was the small discerning minority only who knew the value of his work. That is the path of genius : to know that his work will live, to be conscious of attainment, and to be content only in working early and late, indifferent to adulation as to the hostility of the crowd ; to live to work, and to work for the joy in the work ; to be chief figure in a procession, oblivious of the lookers-on, and, when he has passed out of sight, to live continually in the world-mind through the magic of his genius.

This album is deserving of all praise, as a judicious selection from a vast store of possible material, and the artists on the staff of *The Studio* have added

to the charm of the collection by the excellence of the photo-blocks produced. As on many previous occasions, the thanks of all art lovers and collectors are due to the publishers for the thorough manner in which they carry out all their undertakings.

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ALBRECHT DÜRER: The Masters of Engraving and Etching. By Campbell Dodgson.. (London: The Medici Society. 22s. 6d. net.)

After poring over this wonderfully complete handbook to all the known engravings and etchings (not many of the latter,) of Albrecht Dürer, and after enjoying the sight of so much wonderful line, a side-thought slid itself into my mind, in the unabashed manner of side-thoughts—"Have you considered the millions of miles travelled by the human hand over metal and paper and other materials?" With a dismissing nod, I replied that I certainly have, and that the habit of travelling thuswise is said to be the result of the action of a blind force called Energy. "Ah, indeed; chemical action, I suppose?" queried the S-T., willing to continue the discussion *ad libitum*, as S-T.'s custom is. Nothing more happened; silence reigned, the leaking had been stopped.

Mr. Campbell Dodgson's book is a monument of trained and directed energy on a path in company with the heart, for there is every trace of the lover of his work in the completeness with which he has presented this book of moment to Art. And although I have shut out the garrulous S-T., yet still the thought of Energy, human and fire-glowing from the heart of the Universe, persists. The energy of the Artist is, surely, a divine thing. While it burns, the Artist is working quite oblivious to Time and Space—it may be ten in the forenoon or four in the afternoon, it is immaterial to the soul (and Art is the concern of the soul); the man does not realise whether he is in Dublin or Peking, the work is really being done in the eternal *Now*, which has no dawns or nightfalls or location. And here we have the work of two giants of Energy—the Engraver-Artist and his Chronicler.

In a very modest introduction, Mr. Dodgson refers to his work as a brief catalogue, but, as a fact, the minuteness of the information furnished with each plate is analogous with the fine minuteness of detail in the work of the Master. The plates are peerless in the quality of their reproduction, and Mr. Dodgson's book must be, surely, the ultimate authority in regard to the engraved work of Albrecht Dürer. The Medici Society imprint is sufficient guarantee in itself for the perfection of finish in the reproductions and form of this delightful volume.

A. O'M.

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THE NEW COTERIE. A Quarterly of Literature and Art. Nos. 4 & 5. (London: E. Archer, 68 Red Lion St., Holborn. 2s. 6d. nett, quarterly).

There certainly could be no better way to keep in touch with the representative work of present day writers than by subscribing to *The New Coterie*. This magazine does not aim to please its readers. Some of the contributions in these numbers I have personally disliked very much, but nevertheless feel that it is an advantage to have had the opportunity of reading them. On the other hand it is a glimpse into a new and unfathomable world of delight and wonder to read the excellent translation of Paul Selver from the Czech of Frantisek

Langer's inimitable piece of fantasy, "The Rat-catcher and the Harlots." D. H. Lawrence is well represented by a characteristic and very admirable story, "Sun," and Gerald Bullett is delightful in "The Grasshopper." Liam O'Flaherty writes "The Child of God," in which his undoubted powers are displayed, though he finds it hard to free his work from the underlying sense of attacking something he dislikes. T. F. Powys has two stories in these numbers which are both worth reading. The poetry is the weakest element. Mr. Rupert Croft Cooke's "The Queen Bee," though a little illusive, being the best item in this section. The illustrations are all interesting, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the publication.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GRAMOPHONE RECORD. By Percy A. Scholes. (Milford: Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

The extraordinary strides towards faithful reproduction made by the gramophone in the last few years have given it a place in the affections of serious musicians, nor is its peculiar position endangered by Broadcasting, which flings the same musical diet to all, with no regard for the epicure who prefers his own choice of menu. Also it is impossible for the average musical person to attend a sufficient number of performances of the same symphony or concerto, so that its intricacy becomes familiar, whereas the gramophone makes it possible to repeat again and again the difficult passages, those to which the ear is so often deaf in the concert hall.

In this little book Mr. Scholes, in the least technical, though not merely popular language, explains with analyses, fifty good recent records for the benefit of those who find the voluminous catalogues issued by the various companies somewhat overpowering. He takes Byrd, Purcell, Bach and Mozart in his stride, his choice indicating that the best records published so far are of strings as opposed to keyboard music, and madrigal choirs rather than solo voices, though it is interesting to note his inclusion of three harpsichord records by that entrancing performer, Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse.

His masterly analyses of two Bach Concertos, the famous Brandenburg in G and the D Minor for two violins, are particularly valuable to the novice, to whom these works present considerable complexity of pattern.

For those who care for the romantics there are six Schubert records, one or two of which might have been sacrificed for the beautiful Byrd Fantasia published by the H.M.V. Company, but this is merely carping prejudice at an original and invaluable little book.

At the end is a useful glossary of musical terms for ignorant enthusiasts.

M. S. P.

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THE ECONOMIC HISTORY REVIEW. Edited by E. Lipson and R. H. Tawney. Vol. I. No. I. (London: A. & C. Black, Ltd., for The Economic History Society. Pp. 192. 10s. 6d. net.).

The Economic History Society, recently formed under the presidency of Sir William Ashley, has lost no time in carrying out one of its primary objects

by issuing this first number of an annual publication devoted solely to studies in economic history. As distinct from both economics proper and the history of economic thought, economic history has now won for itself an assured place as a field of study, and developments and progress in this field of late years have been significant. As Professor N. S. B. Gras remarks, many people do not like the fact that economic history, "the story of the various ways in which man has obtained a living," is nowadays commonly held to be the most fundamental part of human history. It is the fact nevertheless, and in several countries its recognition has had revolutionary effects, not only in academic but as well in political circles.

This first number of the *Review* contains important and valuable material, as indeed the published work of its editors would lead us to expect. Sir William Ashley's address at the Economic History Section of the Anglo-American Conference of Professors and Teachers of History on "The Place of Economic History in University Studies," last year, makes a fitting preface or introduction to the series of articles. Professor Gras follows with a pretty full survey of "The Rise and Development of Economic History." Important original contributions follow. Among them students will be glad to find the text of two unpublished lectures by the late Professor George Unwin on "The Merchant Adventurers in the Reign of Elizabeth," especially in their effect on the development of trade and industry, particularly the cloth industry. Unwin showed quite clearly that, contrary to the traditional view, the international highway robbers' operations, conducted by the joint-stock companies of privateers, were extremely prejudicial to the prosperity of commerce, leaving strictly out of consideration morality, political necessity, and the example of other nations. "This may be a hard saying: yet the weight both of fact and of argument is overwhelmingly opposed to the assumption that the exploits of the Elizabethan freebooters favoured the expansion of English trade."

Contributions of other original work are given by A. E. Levett, "The Financial Organisation of the Manor"; E. Davies, "The Small Landowner, 1780-1832, in the light of the Land Tax Assessments"; Professor W. S. Holdsworth, "A Neglected Aspect of the Relations between Economic and Legal History"; B. H. Putnam, "Northamptonshire Wage Assessments of 1560 and 1667"; and Professor Henri Sée, "Recent Work in French Economic History"—a bibliographical guide for which students of economic history will have a warm welcome.

There are many excellently critical reviews of recently published English and French works, including Conrad Gill's "The Rise of the Irish Linen Industry." Another important feature for which every student will be grateful is a selected list of books and articles that appeared in 1925 and 1926 on British and American economic history.

The Society numbers among its foreign correspondents many distinguished historians like Professor Pirenne, of Belgium, and Professor Sée, of France, but so far, it is to be regretted, there is no representative of Ireland, although first-rate work in economic history is being done here too by Dr. George O'Brien and others.

The content and the get-up of this Review ought to lead to an increase in the membership of the Society. No better compliment could be paid to the editors, the contributors, and the publishers. C. O'S.

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DEMOCRACY UNDER REVISION. By H. G. Wells. (London : The Hogarth Press. 2s. net.)

This is a lecture delivered by Mr. Wells at the Sorbonne, on March 15th, 1927. In it Mr. Wells surveys the world at large, and gives us his ideas of what he thinks is happening to humanity at present, and in what direction it is moving. It is all very coherent and intelligible, and it is just for this reason that I doubt it. The one factor in humanity that Mr. Wells overlooks is its unpredictableness. And he rather prides himself on being a prophet. "More than twenty years ago," he writes, "in a book called *A Modern Utopia*, when there was not a fact on earth to support me, I sketched a World State ruled by a self-devoted organization of volunteers. To-day I can recall that conception of a future society, and I can appeal to Russia, China, Italy, and much that is astir everywhere to substantiate that possibility."

With all due respect to Mr. Wells, he is not alone in this role of prophet. Tennyson told us about "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world," so long ago as 1832. And in any case I think there is but a very flimsy justification at the moment, for any realization of Mr. Wells' prophecy.

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LETTERS OF SIR THOMAS BODLEY TO THOMAS JAMES. Edited by G. W. Wheeler, M.A. (Oxford : At the Clarendon Press. 21s. net.)

When Sir Thomas Bodley set about his task of establishing the great foundation which was destined to bear his name, he looked about for a coadjutor to help him in the undertaking. His choice fell upon one Thomas James, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, who had already acquired a reputation for learning among his contemporaries, and James, in the year 1600, became the first keeper of the Bodleian.

This handsome volume, in which are reprinted Bodley's letters to James, shows us the great library in the very process of being born. The building which had held the books of Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, before their destruction, was, when Bodley came upon the scene, "a great desolate roome." The first task was, in his own words, to refit the library with "seates and shelfes and deskes and all that may be needfull, to stirre up other men's benevolence to helpe to furnish it with bookes"; and in the first of these letters he tells James that "within this fortnight, I trust, I shall have ended with my carpenters, joiners, carvers, glasiars, and all that idle rabble"—how little the reputation of the tradesmen has changed throughout the centuries!—"and then I goe in hand, with making up my barres, lockes, haspes, grates, cheines, and other gimmoes of iron, belonging to the fastning and rivetting of books." That so many of the earliest books needed "fastning and rivetting" was largely due to the founder's

predeliction, which favoured ponderous tomes to the almost complete exclusion of the more handy octavo volumes, for which he expressed a hearty contempt.

When James entered upon his duties as keeper in the year 1600 the whole collection numbered about 800 volumes, mostly weighty folios of the Latin and Greek classics and works of theology. At once both he and Bodley set to work "to stirre up other men's benevolence" to increase this meagre stock. A well-known peer has recently described himself as "London's champion beggar" on behalf of a famous metropolitan hospital. In his day Sir Thomas Bodley might well have appropriated to himself the same title on behalf of the institution at Oxford. In letter after letter we hear of "boxes and parcels" of books going by road or river from Bodley to James. They came from various sources, but were for the most part the gift of Bodley's friends, whom he had pestered into "benevolence."

So the great library began to take shape. In James, Bodley had found a scholar probably better fitted for the post of librarian than any other of his time, and the partnership, despite occasional misunderstandings, remained unbroken until Bodley's death. By that time the library had become a national institution of outstanding importance, with far-reaching and incalculable effects on the scholarship of the age. That Bodley fully realised the immense importance of the work to which he had consecrated his life is evident from many passages in these letters, and he spared neither himself nor his librarian in the effort to make it a success. How vast and memorable that success became is part—and no small part—of the history of Oxford University. His enthusiasm was unquenchable, and his learning wide; added to these was a tremendous fund of commonsense and a passion for detail. If he made mistakes, they were due to the somewhat narrow outlook which the Oxford scholar of the day acquired from the traditional atmosphere; a narrowness which caused Bodley to write to James, regarding the need for more shelf-room for books:—

"I did never appoynt it for the smaller cised bookes, but for the bigger sort in 4to, suche as were to be cheined . . . I can see no good reason to alter my opinion, for excluding suche bookes as almanackes, plaies, and an infinit number, that are daily printed, of very unworthy matters, such as, methinkes, both the keeper and underkeeper should disdaine to seeke out, to deliver unto any man. Happely some plaies may be worthy the keeping; but hardly one in fortie. For it is not alike in Englishe plaies, and others of other nations; because they are most esteemed for learning the languages, and many of them compiled by men of great fame, for wisdom and learning, which is seldom or never seene among us. Were it so againe, that some litle profit might be reaped (which God knowes is very litle) out of some of our playbookes, the benefit thereof nothing countervayle the harme that the scandal will bring unto the Librarie, when it shal be given out that we stuffe it full of baggage bookes. . . . The more I thinke upon it, the more it doth distaste me that suche kinde of bookes should be vouchsafed a roome in so noble a Librarie."

This was written in 1612. "Alas, my Shakespeare!"

M. J. M.

THE TIME OF MAN. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. (London : Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a story of the farming people in Kentucky, and Miss Roberts evidently knows them at first-hand and has made fine use of her knowledge in this book. It is not so much about the settled farmers she writes as their work people, who hire themselves out for varying periods, moving about from time to time to different farms. Ellen Chesser, the heroine of the tale, belongs to this class. Nothing very wonderful or startling happens to her. Her life is made up of the humdrum events that happen to millions of humanity. But it is not so much the incidents of humble life that attract Miss Roberts, as her interest in the setting of them. Ellen Chesser wanders out at evening to feed the turkeys or the pigs, and in a few illuminating sentences Miss Roberts gives us the sense of the pathos and wistfulness of humanity groping feebly amid the enigmas of life for the centre of security and delight that for ever baffles and eludes them. The failure to attain to certainty never turns Miss Roberts to cynicism or despair. This is the enduring charm of this book. There is the sweetness of reverence about it. It is as though her characters live always a little subdued, a little bowed before the dictates of some unknown power that is moulding them to unforeseen purposes making for ultimate good.

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TO THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Virginia Woolf. (London : The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

To the Lighthouse is provocative reading. There is a sense of stir in it. That in itself is an achievement. The outlines of the principal characters are vividly drawn. At times fanned by some elusive wind, they are lines of fire. These characters certainly live in the mind. And yet as a whole the book is provocative, for though it is full of vitality, it is baffling. I cannot rid my mind of the impression that Virginia Woolf's method of working is by addition and not by growth. The same feeling comes to me in reading Edith Sitwell. And yet Virginia Woolf's style is not altogether artificial. It lives in its own strata. But it haunts me as being an unreal life, a phantasmagoria that is held together and given human semblance by the magnetism of the author's personality. It is partly due to the fact that she has given herself to the pursuit of the impossible. For instance, a thousand facets of thought flash in Mrs. Ramsay's mind (the chief character) as she serves each spoonful of soup at dinner. Virginia Woolf would record them all. But it cannot be done. She has to eliminate and compress. And in the process the inner core of consciousness is devitalized. What we want from the modern novelist is not so much of the record of the ephemera of passing thought as that he should in the Shakespearian phrase expose the "great bases for eternity" in the mental endowment of his characters. There is wit, insight, splendid phrase-making in Virginia Woolf's work. What she lacks is a touch of the comic spirit. And when she does stumble upon a little humour it strikes one that she is quite unconscious of it.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

AN ACCOUNT OF ARCHBISHOP MARSH'S LIBRARY, DUBLIN. By Newport J. D. White, D.D., Library Keeper; with a note on Autographs by Newport B. White, M.A., Assistant Librarian. (Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1s.)

This moderately priced booklet is a welcome addition to our knowledge of one of the most famous and, I regret to say, to Dublin people, one of the most neglected of the libraries of Dublin. In addition to the "Account," which is reprinted, with revision, from *The Library Association Record*, and a note on "Swiftiana in Marsh's Library" (first published in *Hermathena*, 1901), there is a fascinating list of some of the more important autographs in the library from Latimer to Thomas Davis.

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AN ODE TO SCANDAL, TOGETHER WITH A PORTRAIT BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by R. Crompton Rhodes. (Stratford-Upon-Avon: Printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, and published for the Press by Basil Blackwell. Oxford. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes has recently contributed to "The Times Literary Supplement" some notable articles on the early editions of Sheridan, and his editing of the handsome reprint before us is a careful piece of work. We cannot agree with him as to the authorship of "The Ode to Scandal" (within the past month Mr. Dobell and others have brought forward what seems to us irrefutable evidence against his conclusion); but the whole question of Sheridan bibliography is a most baffling subject, and since it is at present, we believe, being written upon and, we hope, finally settled for us by the foremost of living Irish bibliographers, we must regard it as, in a sense, *sub judice* for the moment. Nevertheless the work was well worth reprinting, and we are grateful to Mr. Blackwell for the manner in which it has been done. But Mr. Crompton Rhodes, in his introduction, has a rather slighting reference to the bibliographical work of J. P. Anderson which he could easily have spared. Those same bibliographies (in the "Great Writers" series) have been a training ground for scores of young book collectors, and the writer of this note takes the opportunity of thanking Mr. Anderson for having provided him with information which, twenty years ago, was not to be had elsewhere.

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THE NOEL DOUGLAS REPLICAS.

POEMS, by John Keats, 1817. (5s. net.)

ADONAIS, by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Pisa, 1821. (4s. 6d. net.)

THE ALCHEMIST, by Ben. Jonson, 1612. (6s. net.)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE, by Oliver Goldsmith. (4s. 6d. net.)

The four new volumes in this exquisite series are in every way worthy of their predecessors, each of these being a book of outstanding importance and rarity, and their format leaves nothing to be desired. When we consider the fact that Mr. Douglas has been able to put these books on the market at a price which in no case exceeds that of the average novel, we can only describe his performance as a miracle of book production, and we would once again advise all collectors to secure their copies while it is still possible to do so.

Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., have also placed book lovers under a debt of

gratitude by their reproduction, in colour, of the British Museum copy of Blake's, *Songs of Innocence*. In view of the fact that even the Muir facsimile of this priceless book brings over seven pounds in public auction, no one will, I think object to spending the modest price, 12s. 6d., for which they can secure this handsome reprint from Messrs. Benn.

And now it seems that we have been caught in a shower of first editions (and miracles), for even as I wrote these words I have received from Mr. Werner Laurie a copy of the Kilmarnock Burns of 1786, in blue wrappers and in a "protective card envelope," a wonderful reproduction in every way, and, more wonderful still, offered to the public at 7s. 6d. Dr. Rosenbach paid £1,600 for his copy in last July (but then, of course, the paper in *his* copy was somewhat older!).

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An Important Collection of Some of the Rarer Works of Charles Lamb, together with some "Lambiana." (Being the 932 Caxton Head Catalogue). London : James Tregaskis & Son, 66 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. 1927. (250 copies).

In this finely printed brochure of 22 pages Mr. Tregaskis has made a very notable contribution to the bibliography of Lamb. Apart from the reproductions of title-pages, etc., 13 in all, the amount of information packed into its pages is of the greatest value, and no one who looks through it with ordinary care will doubt the truth of the statement which is printed on the reverse of the cover, that "Every book has been examined with the most scrupulous care."

Judging by the many references in the letters, those years (1805-11) in which Charles and Mary Lamb worked together in loving partnership on the production of the childrens' books must have been amongst the happiest in their tragedy-haunted lives, and yet their preparation was no summer task. In 1809 they had just moved into those rooms in Temple Lane, which were destined to rival, in their humble way, the more stately associations of Holland House—Charles writes to Coleridge : "Mary was taken ill with the fatigue of moving, and affected, I believe, by the novelty of the home ; she could not sleep, and I am left alone. What sad large pieces it cuts out of life, out of her life, who is getting rather old ; and we may not have many years to live together ! I shall have to send you, in a week or two, two volumes of Juvenile Poetry, done by Mary and me within the last six months, and that tale in prose which Wordsworth so much liked, which was published at Christmas, with nine others, by us, and has reached a second edition. There's for you ! We have almost worked ourselves out of child's work, and I don't know what to do."

A glance at the note which accompanies Item 10 of this catalogue, a hitherto unrecorded edition of the "King and Queen of Hearts." "For Thomas Hodgkins : London, November 18, 1805," throws a curious light on the extent to which the interest in the bibliography of these early Lamb editions has advanced within recent years. In 1909 Mr. Frank Karslake, in describing a copy of the reprint of 1809 (Godwin) of the same book, writes : "Although dated 1809, the plates are dated 1805, and it is probable that 1809 is a misprint for 1806. Lamb, writing to Wordsworth, February 1, 1806, adds in a postscript respecting this book,

"of which I, being the author, beg Mr. Johnny Wordsworth's acceptance and opinion." As Mr. Tregaskis now states, there were no fewer than five issues—1805, 1806, 1808, 1809 and 1818, the plates being engraved in 1805 and used "as wanted until 1818." Truly the ways of a collector are hard!

The price of this little booklet in "original blue printed wrapper" is £2,700, a figure which would have certainly astonished its modest author, who, as we are told by one of his biographers, "By strict economy, without meanness; with much unpretending hospitality; with frequent gifts and lendings, and without any borrowing, accumulated, during his thirty-three years of constant labour, the moderate sum of £2,000."

Of the more famous "Poetry for Children, entirely original," first edition, 2 vols., 1809, Mr. Tregaskis offers a copy in the original state and in fine condition, a second copy (Vol. II., imperfect), and also the very rare Boston reprint of 1812.

In the description of Item 6, "A Book Explaining the Ranks and Dignities of British Society, 1809," we are told that "this book has recently been attributed to Charles Lamb by Mr. Clement Shorter," but surely even without the assurance of that fine bookman we have sufficient evidence of its authorship in that delightful letter of Lamb's to his friend Manning in which, "Sending him some of his little books 'to give him some idea of European culture' (I quote from Barry Cornwall's Memoir, 1866) 'he speaks of his book (for children) 'On titles of honour,' exemplifying the eleven gradations, by which Mr. C. Lamb rises in succession to be Baron, Marquis, Duke, and Emperor Lamb, and finally Pope Innocent, and other lively matters fit to solace an English mathematician self-banished to China."

Amongst other rare things which, apart from those already mentioned, would more than justify the compiler in calling his collection an important one, are *Beauty and the Beast*, first edition (second issue) in the original printed boards, 1825, two copies of the same book in the first (1811) edition, both lacking the title and sheet of music (a fault which seems to be common to all save one known copy), *Prince Dorus*, first edition, 1811, and the quaint *Felissa; or the Life and Adventures of a Kitten of Sentiment*, 1811, a book which has been attributed to Lamb, and certainly its motto has a very Lamb-like flavour.

Three volumes formerly in the library of Lamb and afterwards purchased at Moxon's sale by Francis Jackson, complete this delightful catalogue, for which those two hundred and fifty collectors who have been wise enough, or fortunate enough, to secure a copy will, I trust, be properly grateful to The Caxton Head.

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The appendix to the new list of "First Editions of Modern Authors," which has reached us from Mr. Bertram Rota, 108, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, throws a light upon the pitfalls which await the *unwary* collectors of modern "Firsts." In this "clearance list" we are offered 270 works by present-day writers, all first editions and in the original bindings, some in fine condition, and even presentation copies at the uniform price of 5s. per vol. Amongst the authors represented are Baring, Beardsley, Bennett, Benson, Blackwood, Brooke, Chesterton, Cannan, Conrad, Drinkwater, Hewlett, Huxley, Kipling (5 items), D. H. Lawrence, Masefield, and even a few Stevensons and Swinburnes (late ones, of course). Mr.

Rota is not, however, clearing out the rarer books by these writers, many of which will be found in the body of his catalogue at their market value. But I said the *summary* collector !

Such items as the *Preface to the Nigger of the Narcissus* and the *Memoirs of my Dead Life* will undoubtedly retain their value for some time to come : but I would once again warn the youthful enthusiast that not *every* first edition of a best seller is a thing to buy. A most interesting catalogue, however, and instructive in many ways.

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Mr. Dobell, in his catalogue No. 65, brings us back into the region of those books which will be a sound investment at all times, for there can be no doubt whatever as to the increase in interest shown in really good books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries during the past thirty or forty years. Most of us who are among the older collectors can remember (sadly enough too) the time when a stroll about the carts and bookshops would produce at least one or two finds of first-rate value at a very reasonable price, but now "one shall say 'it is not.' " The carts and the bookshops are still there, but where are the Goldsmiths and Grays and Priors, the Johnsons and Cowpers and Swifts, even the Blakes and Shelleys and Wordsworths which seemed to peep, like violets in the mossy paths of the forest, through that thick and, alas, ever-growing underwood of Theology and History and controversy—*Jones on the Trinity*, *Rollins Ancient History*, encyclopaedias more ancient still—all hopelessly superannuated and still clamouring for their old-age pensions from an unwilling world.

Mr. Dobell seems to have found some unfailing source, some perpetual fount of age from which to supply the ever delectable pages of his lists. Here are Sternes and Goldsmiths and Swifts and Grays ; Baskervilles, a goodly array, and Shakespeareana, a whole page, and many a curious title-page reproduced in facsimile (a kindness which Mr. Dobell will, I hope, continue to extend to those poor bookworms who may never hope to gaze on the originals).

Here, too, is that delightful piece of wild autobiography which Gosse once described as the oddest book published in England during its author's life. Not a first edition, it is true, but the fine and complete reprint in 4 vols., 1770, of Amory's *Life of John Bunce*, a book which would well repay the cost of a new edition.

In view of the enormous price which was recently brought in public auction by Smart's immortal *Song to David*, the item No. 825 in the present catalogue has a rather pathetic interest, and sounds a note of warning to those editors who are too ready to rely on their private taste or judgment in the accomplishing of their tasks. It is a copy of the two volume edition of Smart's *Poems*, etc., of 1791, a neat little edition, containing most of those dreary poems which the unfortunate poet ground out almost yearly, between 1750 and 1755, in order to win the Seatonian Prize and, incidentally, to enable him to retain his rooms in the College (Pembroke, Cambridge) and his name on the college books. But, alas for the editor—I believe it was Francis Newbery—that one poem which has

admitted Smart to the ranks of the immortals was omitted because it bore too many "melancholy proofs of the estrangements" of its author's mind.

In connection with that same Seatonian Prize, by the way, which proved of such financial assistance to poor Smart, Mr. John Drinkwater has, in his *Book for Bookmen*, recently reviewed in these pages, unearthed a delightful fact. The prize, he tells us, was the result of a bequest to the College by a certain gentleman, who stipulated that the subject of the (yearly) poem was to be some "attribute of Deity," and was to continue "until the subject was exhausted."

A copy of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, first edition, 1785, which is offered for £8 8s. od., contains an interesting addition of twelve lines in MS., signed "W. I." or "W. T." on the fly-leaf. Mr. Dobell will, I trust, forgive me if I transcribe them for the delectation of our readers:—

"A man who has a dancing Bear
Leads him about to Race and Fair,
To make a Penny of it;
Nor is he quite undone if that
He chance to die, for then his fat
Will bring a second profit.
So Boswell o'er the Isles that He
Might show him not that he might see,
The Cynic Doctor led;
And when he had shown him all about,
He kill'd the rough unmanner'd brute,
And publish'd what he said."

Which is quite as unkind, and quite as clever as much that one Peter Pindar has written on the same subject.

An excessively rare item of Irish interest is (562), *Queres concerning the Lawfulness of the Present Cessation and of the Censures issued against all Confederates adhering unto it*, etc., printed at Kilkenny in 1648, which, with four others, is priced at £6 6s. od.

Mr. Dobell, however, has not allowed his interest in the older writers to obscure his care for those of a more recent date, for even as I write I have received (from the Charing Cross address this time) a list of *Choice Books (Chiefly modern)*, which compares favourably with any other on my table. Beerbohm, Butler, De la Mare, Hudson, Masefield, Wells and Yeats—all the new familiar faces are here, clean and fresh and with their appropriate prices attached. And the prices are in many cases not extravagant. Even with a dulled cover and wanting a fly-leaf, the *Rape of the Lock*, "embroidered by Beardsley," is not dear at 35s., for it is certainly one of the daintiest books in the world, nor is the *Ballads* of Masefield (1903) at £4 4s. od., although the cover is slightly foxed. I can still remember well the day on which I purchased a copy of that little booklet for one shilling (it had then been recently published), and how I brought it with me to the old rehearsal room of the Irish National Theatre in Camden Street on that same evening; and I can still hear the brave cadences of "Cargoes" as it was trolled out to the delight of a company which included Synge and Colum and more than one other whose names were afterwards to be "writ large"; and even still I

have an affection for that little book, through that association, perhaps, which is not shared with any other of Masefield's books.

"Butting through the channel in the mad March days."

That one line alone was sufficient to put us all into good humour for the evening, and in those days we had need of all the cheering we could get; for help was not yet in sight for the making of a national theatre, and we were still, like Raftery in the famous poem, "with our backs to the wall" and (literally) "playing to empty pockets."

Amongst the twelve Hudson items is the rare *Crystal Age*, with the "essential" 32 pages of advertisements, at £15, and the *Hampshire Days*, which, although much later, is still a very rare book.

And here, strangely sandwiched in between Mr. John Drinkwater and Lord Dunsany, is the scurrilous old author of *The Dublin Scuffle*, "nodding a drunken head." Poor old John Dunton, he achieved the unenviable fame of a mention in the Dunciad—

"Worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed."

And worse still, a note in the Dunciad in which he is described by Pope, who certainly could speak with great directness even when he forsook the medium of verse, as "a broken bookseller and abusive scribbler." And yet for all that the poor old chap produced some work which keeps its interest to the present day, and his *Athenian Oracle*, in three volumes, 1703-4, which is here offered at the very reasonable price of 12s. 6d., contains, as Mr. Dobell very truly says, "a great quantity of curious and interesting matter," although in this, as in most of his work, the "curious" preponderates over the interesting, which accounts—in part, at least—for the fact that, as old Winstanley said about a greater man, "His Fame is gone out like a Candle in a Snuff, and his Memory will always stink."

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Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus, 350 Oxford Street, in their Spring Catalogue, continue their work of reviving interest in some of the nineteenth century novelists. Mayne Reid, for instance, a much-neglected writer, is here represented by no less than fifteen first editions; from the tiny volume of 1854 (*The Young Voyagers*, with its illustrations by Harvey) to the three-volume *Free Lances* of 1881. Marryat, too, is represented in a "run" of 11 titles, and Whyte Melville in 8, and Collins, Lytton and Kingsley in lesser numbers. I wish Messrs. Bumpus all success in their work of restoring these well-nigh forgotten ones, for their books are very much better worth reading than two-thirds of present fiction; but I very much fear the vogue of such a writer as, say, the author of *Sarchedon* has gone for ever with the wax flowers, and the stuffed birds and the antimacassars amongst which it was read.

In the portion of this catalogue devoted to Criminology there are some rare and important items, and the section entitled History and Biography also contains many books not often to be found. Travel books (13 pages) complete a list which should provide good reading, not only for those who, like the "elderly pigs" in the nursery rhyme "have seen the world," but also for those who have decided, perhaps wisely, to "sit in their arm-chairs and voyage further than ever Columbus did."

The phrase "a feast of good things" has almost become a *cliché* in connection with the up-to-date antiquarian bookseller's catalogue, but we know no other which so well describes the latest one (his seventeenth) which we have received from Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This busy old city on the Border is indeed becoming nearly as famous for its booksellers as it is for its coals. Messrs. Robinson, Hill and Rogers constitute a very formidable triumvirate in the modern bookselling world, and their explorations in search of rarities must carry them very far afield; a surmise of which Mr. Robinson's present catalogue affords ample proof. Here we have on offer, amongst other things, Sir Hugh Platt's *Floraes Paradise*, the first edition, 1608. That the description "excessively rare" is just and fitting may be gathered from the fact that there is only one other copy known, and that in the British Museum. The price is £105. "Only one other copy known" also applies to items No. 25 and 407, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, 1620, and John Lacy's single-sheet "Poem on Tobacco," 1669. Probably the most interesting volumes in the list, however, are the six volumes of *The Rambler*, Johnson's own copies, presented by Johnson to his wife and bearing an inscription in his hand. This very desirable association item is offered for £110. We have not space to mention the numerous other books which are equally rare, but we cannot omit a reference to No. 464 in the list. This is an early 16th century manuscript in English, of medical interest, written on 215 leaves of paper and 23 of vellum. It has such quaint chapter-headings as "of aking of a wounde," "of woundes and the Hande and the Thygh," "of byting of a Man, a Horse, Hounde, bee, waspe or other venomous beste." We like particularly the old scribe's description of sciatica as "a gowt that gnaweth and akithe on the under part of the thyne." We congratulate Mr. Robinson on the amazing capacity he displays in unearthing these treasures.

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If ever we visit Bristol—a city which has associations dear to every book-lover—we shall certainly make it a point of visiting the bookshop of Mr. Douglas Cleverdon, of 18 Charlotte Street, whose new catalogue has just reached us. Mr. Cleverdon appears to be that pleasant combination, a bookseller who is also a bookman, and his speciality is fine printing and examples of the best modern presses. He takes a pride, he tells us, in the appearance of his shop, and his window contains not only books, but flowers! The signboard over the shop has been painted by no less a person than Mr. Roger Fry, and the whole atmosphere of the shop is (or rather was when the catalogue was being prepared) fragrant with the scent of lilac. This is indeed something new and refreshing in the bookselling world, though old-fashioned people may still prefer to burrow in dimly-lighted shops among old tomes weighty with the dust of centuries. Mr. Cleverdon, too, has an engaging way of offering a book which is not altogether in mint condition. Listen to his description of item No. 510: "Wilde (Oscar), Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, 1891. Covers soiled; back torn; fly-leaf and half-title missing; name inside cover; pages not too clean. On the whole its appearance is unprepossessing; but it is a first edition, and with its beauty a little marred by uncleanness, smacks pleasantly of the nineties." After that, who could resist paying the humble five shillings asked for it? But most of the items in this artistically produced catalogue are sufficiently beautiful to have sonnets written about them.

From Newcastle comes another attractive list, the twelfth issued by Mr. Arthur Rogers, of 46 Handyside's Arcade. This is devoted to old miscellaneous books and modern first editions. It is essentially a catalogue for the small collector of limited means. The Shelley enthusiast will not grumble at paying two guineas for item 426, a volume containing two very rare pirated Benbow editions—the *Miscellaneous Poems* of 1826 and *The Cenci* of 1827. Amongst items of Irish interest (and there are many) we note No. 157, the printed proof-sheets of Padraic Colum's "Odysseus," a poem in memory of Arthur Griffith, signed by the author (15s.); No. 350, the first edition of Thomas McDonagh's *Songs of Myself* (25s.); Liam O'Flaherty's *Child of God*, one of 25 copies, signed by the author (35s.); and the typed proof, with corrections in the author's hand, of a letter by W. B. Yeats to the *Freeman's Journal* relating to the "Playboy" controversy (35s.). Altogether an attractive and reasonably-priced list.